

The Corsair.

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THE SON OF ROBERT BURNS.

This gentleman, who was about ten years of age when his father died, and who remembers him distinctly and affectionately, was placed by some friends of the family at college in Scotland, and from thence was transferred to a situation in the Stamp Office, London, where he continued clerk until within the last few years. He retired with an allowance of £120 per annum, in obtaining which he was aided by the active generosity of Lord Brougham, then Chancellor. Mr. Burns now resides in the town of Dumfries, where his illustrious father closed his brief and glorious, but troubled career. Poetical talent is seldom hereditary, but we believe our readers will admit that at least a small portion of Burns' lyrical genius has descended to his son, after reading the subjoined, pleasing, and spirited copy of verses by that gentleman on the accession of Queen Victoria.

THE GATHERING OF SCOTLAND.

Air—"The Campbells are coming."

Oh, come ye to welcome our gallant young queen !
Oh, come ye to welcome our gallant young queen !
Of the blue-bell and gowan, and thistle so green,
Oh twine ye a wreath for our gallant young queen !
Let the lion of Scotland wave bright in the gale,
With the cross of her glory all stainless and pale ;
Let them shine o'er our hills and our valleys so green,
As they shone o'er the sires of our gallant young queen.
With the spear of his fathers the Johnstone shall ride,
The spears of the Border shall gleam at his side ;
The Flowers of the Forest in pride shall be seen,
The men of Buccleuch, round our gallant young queen.
The Gordon shall march through the mist and the dew ;
And Douglas, the noble, the tender, and true ;
The Graeme and the Ramsay the battle shall glean
With the swords of their fame for our gallant young queen.
Mac Garad* his banner with pride shall display,
With its well-crimson'd buckler of Luncarty's day ;
Argyll and Breadalbane in might shall convene
Clan Dermid's bold race round our gallant young queen.
Like the mist of Ben Nevis, that darkens the glen,
The clansmen shall shadow the heather again ;
The swords of their chieftains in light shall be seen,
Like the sunbeams of war, round our gallant young queen.
The fir on our mountains in triumph shall wave,
Our mountains where wander the free and the brave,
With the oak of Old England, majestic and green,
True Liberty's tree, o'er our gallant young queen !

* Hay, Earl of Errol. "Mac Garad, son of the hedge," afterwards changed into the more courtly and Norman appellative, "De la Haye of the hedge." Mac Garad, the husbandman, and his two sons, stopped the flight of the Scottish army at the battle of Luncarty, and led them back to a glorious victory over their Danish invaders. After the battle, the gallant husbandman and his two sons were brought to the Scottish king, with their shields covered with blood. In memory of their ancestors, the Earls of Errol bear a bloody shield in their coat of arms.

THE WIDOWER'S BRIDE.

I wedded where I fondly loved ;
My friends with eager voice,
Bestowed their sanction, and approved
The husband of my choice ;
They told me that his former bride
Unmingled bliss had known,
And from her fortunes prophesied
The brightness of my own.

He, too, had friends—his deep distress
They pitied and deplored,
And said that woman's smile should bless
Once more his hearth and board ;
That he should seek the busy throng,
And mark the young and fair,
And let his children know, ere long,
Another mother's care.

Oh, sad exchange !—The heart I brought
Was full of joy and youth,
Warm, open, in its slightest thought,
And single in its truth ;
While his, by sorrow worn and tried,
One vision only nursed,
The image of another bride,
The dearest and the first.

The lawns and bowers around the hall,
Her taste arranged and planned,
That flowery world he loves to call
A little fairy-land ;
And then I sigh for some lone cot,
Where clustering boughs might twine,
Whose foliage should acknowledge not
A training hand but mine.

The old domestics mutely chide,
I meet their mournful look,
If I displace or cast aside
A picture, vase, or book ;
Though mistress of this noble fane,
They gaze on me in dread,
As one who lightly dares profane
The relics of the dead.

Her kindred gather round our hearth,
And oft some guest accost
With records of the grace and worth
Of her, the loved, the lost :
Then start, and pause, and glance around,
If I perchance draw near,
As though they kindly feared to wound
My listening, jealous ear.

Her children—I could love them well,
Might I their trust secure,
But my caresses they repel,
Or passively endure ;
And if I venture to reprove,
They trembling shun my gaze,
Or murmur of the tender love
They knew in happier days.

Yet ills like these I well could brook,
If he—my loved, my own,—
Rejoiced me with one happy look
Or one endearing tone.
But no, his lost one ever seems
His heart and thoughts to claim,
And oft he starts from feverish dreams,
And wildly breathes her name.

Daily he hastens to solitude,
And o'er her portrait sighs ;
That portrait once by stealth I viewed ;
I marked the dazzling eyes,
The golden locks, the lip of rose,
The cheek of softer bloom ;
My rival smiled upon my woes,
And mocked me from the tomb !

Yet my complaints must fruitless be ;
The world esteems me blest,

Of power, and pomp, and luxury,

Triumphantly possesst ;

And I must smile with feelings torn,

And fond affections checked,

And yield my girlhood's sunny morn

To coldness and neglect.

Yet to the youthful and the fair—

This warning I impart—

If thou canst humbly stoop to share

A sad and widowed heart,

Know thou each trial I have proved,

Thou also must sustain—

He who has warmly, truly loved,

Can never love again !

THE FUGITIVE OF THE JURA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE, FOR THE CORSAIR.

BY PROFESSOR HINKSPILLER.

CHAP. XXIII.—OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

Florian was so obedient that he immediately resolved to confine himself to the house, lest he should in some ramble accidentally meet with his

rival. He was thus resting in his room amongst books and mathematical drawings and calculations, when some one knocked at his door: it opened, and behold professor Onyx made his appearance.

"Dear, best beloved friend," cried he, as with a prodigious stride he stood before the writing-table of Florian; "I ought in justice to have visited you long ago; but you know one has one's own business, and one is not always master of one's time, and among friends and gentlemen it is not so highly reckoned upon. Therefore do not be offended. You are buried amongst books. I cannot stay long, but meanwhile will be silent as a fish. *Ad vocem*, fish. Do you know what became of my antediluvian fish. It was a sad mishap. All shattered into ten thousand pieces like grape-shot. Not a trace of it was to be seen."

"I am sorry for your misfortune, professor, but—"

"Excuse me, my dear friend. I observe with delight you are a mathematician. I see nothing but mathematical formulas about you. Friend, we did not meet each other in vain. We will form a society together. I will lend you my local and technical knowledge, and you shall give me in return your mathematics. I have been in want of a man like you to solve a most important riddle. Have you been in Lons le Sannier? or at Salins?"

"No sir."

"You must go there with me; you must certainly go!"

"May I know for what purpose?"

"You will be astonished. There, where the saline springs gush forth from the formation of gypsum, I shall direct your attention to all the strata above it, and—yes, jump as high as the ceiling; I will show you then the same formations in the neighborhood of the lake of Neuenburg. Query: How deep must we bore to reach the saline strata, at least, to disclose the salt-springs. That you can calculate by your algebraic formulas as soon as you are acquainted with the geological ratios at Salins and Lons le Sannier. Then our fortune is made, and not only ours, but that of the principality, and the whole of Switzerland. It is not an hour since I said to Miss Delory—

"Have you spoken with that lady?"

"Three words. Therefore, said I—what did I say? What have I been saying? You have interrupted me."

"You spoke of Miss Delory."

"Of Miss Delory? Oh, I brought her some fresh hermiones. She took one and fastened it upon her bosom. The captain was somewhat vexed at it."

"Captain Larmagne?"

"To be sure: but of him by and by. Think, my beloved friend, of how much value the inexhaustible turf pits of these foul vallies will be for our salt works; what new avenues for industry and trade will be opened. The lakes of Neuenburg and of Genoa will be better united. Wallis must send us its primitive forests. Through the Thiele, the lake of Biel, and the river Aar, we shall be master of the principal water-communications, and can carry on with greater facility the sale of our salt. Then we can salt the whole of Switzerland."

"I wish, rather, that you had salted captain Larmagne, for his incivility towards Miss Delory."

"He was very civil towards the lady. He kissed her hand before my eyes. I would not have done that in the presence of another, if I had been the blockhead. But he was rude towards me, when—"

"Then he appeared to be on intimate terms with her?"

"Do not misunderstand me. The captain and myself are old acquaintances and friends. We speak our minds to each other, and there it ends."

"And are the Captain and Miss Delory also old acquaintances?"

"Pardon me, sir. I have paid no attention to that. So far as I can indistinctly recollect, the lady was very monosyllabic."

"How? You recollect this but indistinctly, when it is scarcely an hour since you saw Hermoine?"

"To be sure. But a confounded great speckled spider, which hung suspended from the window by an invisible thread, attracted all my attention. You ought to have seen that beautiful beast."

"In the company of a beautiful lady, I believe I could hardly have been attracted by the charms of a speckled spider."

"Who is speaking of charms? As to that point, dear friend, we both entertain the same opinion, and I confess, Hermoine was more beautiful than the speckled spider. But a speckled spider is not without the highest interest for a critical observer. I would not give a farthing for all our artificial knowledge of the weather. Spiders, spiders are the true prophets of nature—the unerring indexes of the atmospheric dial. Until the language of spiders, and an abridgement of the science of arachnology is taught in every school—and until the spider is considered and protected as a holy creature in every farm-house, like the stocks on the roof, agriculture never can and never will attain to its highest perfection."

"Your speckled spider prevented you then from seeing or hearing anything that the captain and Miss Delory—?"

"My God! the lady had left the captain and myself long before, when the latter took me by the arm, led me out of the house, and invited me to a walk with him. Meanwhile the discourse, among other subjects, fell, I do not recollect how, upon you. He asked me a thousand questions. I related what I knew. I protest the whiskered gentleman is in love with you. In his enthusiasm he dragged me back again to his room; there he wrote a letter, a true love-letter. I had well nigh forgotten it. So it is, when you begin to converse you make one forget every thing else."

With these words Mr. Onyx presented Florian a letter, who immediately opened and read it.

"Is not the captain dying to make your acquaintance? But if I had informed him, what I know now of your mathematical knowledge—*ad vocem* mathematics: how is it with our investigation of the rock-salt near the lake of Neuenburg?"

"The captain expects my answer, sir."

"I have promised to bring it to him immediately. Farewell. It is well that you reminded me of it. Fare you well."

"Stay! You do not yet know my answer. Be patient for a moment."

Florian wrote upon a slip of paper: "I shall have the honor to comply

with your wishes." Professor Onyx took the answer and hurried off, just as George entered the room.

Florian handed him the captain's letter, which ran thus:

"If you, sir, are the same adventurer from the Grisons, who between the Bayards and La Brevine conducted so boorishly brave towards French soldiery, you will, as a man of honor, fulfil your promise, and give me satisfaction. If such be the case, I shall expect you precisely at sunrise, on the foot path leading to La Brevine, near the entrance of the pine wood on the steep. I have no one but my ordnance with me, and no weapon save my sword. I expect your answer. Let me not be obliged to wait too long at the place assigned. My business calls me to Pontarlier."

"L. LARMAGNE."

George frowned as he read this.

"What answer did you return?"

"We will go there together in the morning," replied Florian.

The affair, as it regarded the issue, appeared dubious to the faithful George. For vanquished or victorious, if blood should be shed, Florian was forced either to flee, or, badly wounded, to be confined to his bed for a longer or shorter period. Although Florian spoke encouragingly, George nevertheless sent, that night, the most necessary and indispensable articles of Florian by a messenger to La Brevine, and caused a light carriage to be kept there in readiness for flight. But for the present he was not to go farther than to the house of a friend at Boudry.

CHAP. XXIV.—THE DUEL.

The dawn was just breaking in the east, and the stars yet hung in the sky like glittering wreaths and chains, as the two friends were already on their way towards the steep. Florian endeavored to dissipate the seriousness of George by trifling jests.

The stars, one after another, had vanished over their heads, and a purple glow was spreading over the horizon, when they arrived at the entrance of the pine wood. The magnificent spectacle of the rising sun, and the awakening of nature, indemnified them for the delay of their enemy. They spoke of their future prospects, and revelled upon the wings of their imagination, in the fairy-land of fulfilled wishes. The sun was soon shedding its first golden rays over the enraptured youths, the mountains gradually arose in their splendor, and the diamond dew-drops glittered in varying colors on the green carpet of the meadow, while silent seas of mist rolled up from the depths of the surrounding vallies.

Voices were soon heard, and the captain approached, accompanied by a soldier carrying some baggage.

"Pardon me, gentlemen, I have perhaps kept you waiting; but the sun is just rising from behind the mountains. Let us instantly commence our work. Yonder, among the shrubs and pines, is a convenient open place."

They followed him to the designated spot. George attempted pacific negotiation, but the captain sharply and harshly repulsed him. "With you, young man, who preach wisdom to me with the air of a grandfather, I have nothing to do. My business is with that gentleman, who deserves a little chastisement."

"Captain, you have had some opportunity to know that I do not fear you. Yet, I confess, I have no desire to fight with you, because I consider it folly. You may be perfectly honorable, but you were the unprovoked author of our recent affray on the mountain. Let us settle our cause as it becomes reasonable persons. Notwithstanding you there forced upon me the necessity of defending myself, yet I entreat your pardon. I injured you, perhaps, more than I intended."

"That will not satisfy me, replied the captain. You have conducted like an assassin, and I wish to leave with you a memorial of myself." Saying this, he unsheathed his sword.

"And if one of us should fall," said Florian, "what advantage would the victor have? I know the relations you sustain in the family of Mrs. Bell."

The captain crimsoned with embarrassment, and with fury in his eyes exclaimed—"That is just the thing I was thinking of. A marked vagrant like you should not profane the laws of hospitality."

"How have I profaned them?" cried Florian angrily.

"I have no explanations to give you on the subject; but blood for blood. Miss Delory will thank me for it. Come on, then; fellow, draw!"

"No, sir," retorted Florian, "I demand an explanation. You are angry; you are not in a condition to fight. Compose yourself, else you will give me too great an advantage."

"Vagabond and rebel—murderer of my brave companions in Disentis—your last hour is come. Prepare your soul! Draw!"

"Give the explanation. Prove it. I am neither a rebel of Disentis, nor a murderer of your companions."

"Draw," roared the captain.

"Draw," now cried George. "How can you stand there so coolly. Would you had broken the neck of the churl upon La Brevine."

The Captain, instead of a reply, gave George a stroke over the shoulder with the flat side of his blade. As quick as thought Florian sprang toward the captain. Their swords were soon clashing together, and in less than two minutes the sword of the captain, wrenched from his grasp by a sudden stroke, was thrown against a tree at his side. Florian presented the point of his blade to his breast and exclaimed: "Captain—you are at my mercy, I demand an explanation!"

"That is a swordsman's trick!" cried the captain, "now finish; thrust!"

"Never," answered Florian; "I pardon you." With these words he stepped back, but was immediately compelled to act once more on the defensive, for the captain had received his sword again from the soldier.

"When I shall have marked you rascal!" bellowed the captain, renewing the contest.

"Must you see blood? then see it! Attention! attention, I say! still better! better!" cried Florian; and at the same moment the captain was drenched in blood. Florian's sword had passed through the flesh between the shoulder blade and neck. The soldier, as well as Florian, sprang forward with a loud cry; and Florian threw his sword away. They laid the captain upon the grass, and examined his wound. George had provided every thing necessary for bandaging, but it was long before they could check the effusion of blood.

"That was a rough thrust!" said Larmagne, when they were cleansing his clothes from the blood; "I cannot go on: carry me back to Mrs. Bell's, and you," he continued, "turning to the soldier, "hasten to La Brevine and countermand the carriage; tell them a mischance has befallen me. I confide myself to these gentlemen. I believe they are men of honor."

George gave the soldier a slip of paper, upon which he had written with a pencil an order to procure a surgeon.

"My d—d heat!" said the captain to Florian, who threw the cloak of the soldier around him. "My d—d heat, and—and—your d—d good good luck! But I must confess, if I survive, I must become your friend. You fight bravely, and possess great coolness: I owe you my respect. Give me your hand."

Florian tendered his hand, as did George likewise, whose pardon the captain now begged. "I have been a hot-brained fellow all my life!" said Larmagne; "I believe, as true as I live, that I must die."

George, who perceived that the bleeding man was fainting, washed his brow and temples with cherry-brandy. The captain took several swallows from the bottle, and soon felt himself stronger. But when he was rising up in order to return, supported by the arms of the young men, a trembling seized him.

"The devil take it," cried he, and sunk down again, "I cannot move from this place. It is all over with me."

They quieted him, formed a seat of some saplings, and carried him between them until they obtained better help at the first house. Thence he was transported with greater comfort.

CHAP. XXV.—EXILE.

Mrs. Bell, accompanied by Claudine, Hermione, and her whole household, met the mourning train before they reached the house. George had hastened forward to prepare the ladies for this sight, by the relation of the event.

"Pray, do not chide me, dearest Mrs. Bell," said Larmagne, "that I return, and still less frown upon this young man," taking in a friendly manner the hand of Florian. "The man's disposition, by heaven, is like an angel, and he fights like a devil. If it had pleased him, I should now, instead of being before your housedoor, be before the gates of hell. Forward!"

The ladies stood trembling around the bloody and ghastly man. Hermione fixed a gloomy eye upon Florian. They carried the captain into the house, and all followed. Florian was also about to follow, in order to render his assistance, when a gentle hand grasped his. Hermione drew him aside into a room.

She endeavored to address him, but was for a long time unable, her lips slightly trembled, and she raised her folded hands as if praying for assistance from above. "For heaven's sake," she began, "what have you done again?"

He endeavored to quiet her, and gave, for his justification, a simple and true relation of the facts.

"Oh," cried she, with a look of distress, "I readily believe it; but what avails justification. Our destiny is fulfilled; it is already accomplished. You cannot rescue me. Flee: for I am destined to bring the same destruction upon you."

"For your own sake and for mine, I beseech you, Hermione, not to give yourself up to superstitious apprehensions. Recollect your promises in the Fairy-temple."

"What does it avail me? I am already deprived of every happiness of life. Oh, would that the rocks of the Fairy-temple had covered us: I should have breathed out a life by your side, which has become to me an endless curse."

"You terrify me. What has happened. In what connexion do you stand with the unfortunate Larmagne?"

"In no connexion with him; but to your ruin, unfortunate man, I am chained to you. I love you, Florian, but I must tender to you the chalice of despair. Do not doubt it shall be done. Yes, it must be done as certainly I have become wretched through you."

"Through me!" cried Florian, turning pale.

"Read this. You may know all!" said Hermione, pointing towards an open letter, which lay upon the table. The seal of three crossed swords, surrounded by a crown of thorns, reminded him of mother Morne.

He read. The letter had been written by a friend of Hermione's father, more than a quarter of a year previous, and was dated from Belinzona. He prepared the daughter for the intelligence, that Colonel Despars was closely confined to his sick-bed by wounds he had received in the sedition of the peasantry of the Grisons; that they cherished still the hope of saving his life, although with a loss of his arm. In consequence of a deprivation of necessary attentions, the wound had become dangerous, since the colonel, soon after the advancement of the superior forces of the Austrians, had been carried from valley to valley over the highest mountains, which were then covered with a deep snow. The writer of the letter had then entered into a detail of the manner, the occasion, and on what day the colonel had received his wound. The bottom of the letter contained several commands of the colonel for his beloved Hermione, in case he should die.

Florian was almost lifeless when, in the description of the murderer of Colonel Despars, he recognized himself. "My God," said he, in a scarcely audible voice: "Can it be that he was the man!" and the letter dropped from his hands.

After a pause, approaching Hermione, who sat at a window with her face covered, "lady," said he, "I am indeed at a loss to conjecture, by what means you have learned, that I am the man who shed the blood of your father; but I confess. I am, and in the same circumstances, I could not act otherwise to-day.—Lady, you are right, we are separated. You can never bestow your heart and hand on the murderer of your father, nor, however innocent I may be, shall I ever dare to ask this sacred hand. Yet allow me one question more. Have you no intelligence of a later date than this letter?"

"A soldier, who was sent to Besançon and who brought this letter, had received it at Belinzona. But the same soldier, then ordered with a de-

tachment of his battalion to escort prisoners to France, received counter-orders, and could give no intelligence of my father, but that of the most melancholy kind. At the time of their departure there was a report spread amongst the soldiers, that Colonel Despars had expired, because he would not submit to the amputation of his right arm. The numerous engagements, battles, and retreats, interrupted all subsequent communication. Letters have perhaps been lost."

"But whither did the brigade or the battalion of your father go? Where is the present station of General Menard?"

Hermione replied sadly and slowly: "Mother Morne, who took the letter from the soldier at *Couvet*, made many but vain enquiries. If my good father were still alive, he would have given me more than one indication of it."

Florian stood before the unfortunate lady in gloomy perplexity, and still more unhappy than herself.

"Well then," he exclaimed, after a long silence, "be it so! Now will I call virtue vain, destiny blind, sound reasoning faculties a superfluous commodity, and superstition the highest wisdom. Who would have believed that the prattling of an old woman might be fraught with deep sense, and that deeds, the most loyal, ultimately might become ruinous. You are unhappy, Hermione, yes you have become so through me; I have killed your father. You have loved him, and I have, without my knowledge and intention, precipitated you into the depths of affliction."

Hermione wept in silence. He then simply related the manner in which the melancholy occurrence had transpired.

"I knew it long since from Claudine and George," said she. "At the time, when I could not imagine whom your fatal sword had pierced, I admired your courage and your good fortune. Man must not commend any deed; he knows not, but it may become his curse. Fearful man, you have slain my father, and now in addition, Captain Larmagne, the early friend of my father! Farewell. Your arm, which should have protected me, has wounded me mortally. I shall love you eternally, but shall eternally shun you. Leave this neighborhood soon—to-day—immediately. Alas, the most direful obligation weighs upon me. As true as it has been fulfilled, that I was to be ruined by you, so true it is, that I shall be the instrument of your destruction!"

Florian stood in a conflict of feelings, such as he never had felt before. He almost doubted his own identity. With the expression of eternal separation from the lips of Hermione, he felt for the first time the whole weight of his violent passion. After a long silence, he recovered, and took his leave. He asked her, if she would permit him to write to her from a distance. She did not answer. He offered her his hand as a farewell token, but hers was suddenly withdrawn, and he perceived that the whole frame of Hermione trembled and shuddered.

Then the first tears gushed from his eyes. Covering his face with his hand, he turned away from her, and approached the door. But as he was opening it, Hermione flew after him, and in all the violence of her anguish, threw herself upon his breast, encircling his neck with her arms, and cried: "Farewell, my first and my last, my blessing and my curse, man of my admiration and my horror, of my love and my terror. Farewell forever, and do not hate me, if I must bring upon you misery and ruin!—farewell!—my heart is broken!"

With these words, she herself opened the door, and gently urged him from her. He went out, and the door shut jarringly behind him. He stood for a moment in the open air, and then, like a despairing man, hurried rapidly and almost unconsciously through the fields.

CHAP. XXVI.—REVENGE AND DEATH.

He had already proceeded some distance, when a voice from among the pines cried: "Return, return, son of perdition!"

He looked up, and perceived old Morne, who swung her staff towards him, and with every indication of fear in her movements, motioned to him as if she would put him to flight like a timid child. She stood panting among the pine trees, with a heated brow and hurried breath. Florian saw blood at her feet. He recognized the place; it was the spot not far from which he had fought with Larmagne, and an involuntary tremor shook him.

"Return!" cried the old woman once more.

"Miserable woman," retorted Florian, "must you be the last that I behold in these mountains, as you were the first who met me on the Gros-Taureau. Begone, and leave me to pursue my way. What have I to do with you, that you thus meddle with my destiny?"

"Not a step farther!"

"Why?"

"They seek you."

"Who seeks me?"

"Revenge and death."

"So much the better," cried Florian, and flung the old woman, who endeavored to bar his way, so violently aside, that she fell to the ground; but he went on. It was the road from the Fairy-steep to *Les Verrières*. He felt a kind of pleasure in having found this way, and fancied it a direction of providence, that he should effect his flight immediately. The carriage, which George had provided, and furnished with the most indispensable necessaries, for his journey to *Boudry*, was still waiting at *Les Verrières*. He had not proceeded far, when he heard human voices coming up from a thicket of bushes, among which he clearly distinguished the voice of Professor Onyx. Several men loaded with baggage appeared coming up the road, and passed Florian with a salutation. After a few moments, Professor Onyx appeared walking by the side of an officer, who, enveloped in his mantle, was followed by a servant leading a courser by the bridle.

"Ah, see, there is our dear friend!" cried the professor, pointing towards Florian: *Lupus in fabula*. Come, my dearest friend, we were just speaking of you. Has not mother Morne informed you of our approach?—The woman ran forward like a mad woman or a lunatic to announce us, I believe. But if old Morne has not taken a witch's ride upon a broomstick, it is not possible that she can have already arrived at Mrs. Bell's or Stafford's. Then we meet accidentally, and so much the better. See, here is a gentleman who longs for your acquaintance. I suspect you, sir—you are some renowned gentleman travelling incognito."

With these words, which Professor Onyx shouted while at a distance, Florian had joined them. He and the officer saluted each other with polite coldness.

"This is then the gentleman from the Grisons, who was to be conducted to Besancon, and has escaped!" inquired the officer, of the professor.

"To be sure, to be sure!" answered Onyx; and then addressing Florian: "I am not deceived then, you are a man of distinction. For every one to whom I mention you, wishes to see you. Tell me, pray, on what subject you have written your best work."

"Allow me, professor," said the officer, interrupting him, "to speak a few words with your friend privately. Be so kind as to conduct my servants, with the baggage, to the residence of Mrs. Bell, and announce my arrival to them. I shall soon follow you."

"Farther up, you may again mount your horse," said Mr. Onyx; "for the ground is comparatively level there. If we did not live in a country of demi-savages, the most comfortable road could be constructed from Les Verrières to the Fairy-steep. Highroads civilize the country. They say commercial intercourse constructs roads, because it cannot dispense with them. That is untrue. Highroads, which render communication easy, introduce trade and commerce into the country. But we preach here to deaf ears. It is casting pearls before swine."

"Good, excellent, that, professor!" cried the officer. "But we can settle that point better at the Fairy-steep. Be so kind as to run after the carriers, who are already far advanced, and conduct them to the house of Mrs. Bell. May I presume to ask it?"

"I shall announce you with joy, and as soon as you arrive I shall explain to you my theory on the construction of roads in the mountains." Saying this he departed.

Florian meanwhile was examining the officer who was an entire stranger to him. He was a man of a large and powerful frame, with a full chest and broad shoulders, appearing about fifty years old; his sunburnt countenance was noble and expressive, his voice was sonorous but stern and commanding.

"We are not unknown to each other," said he to Florian, when the professor had advanced a considerable distance.

"I do not recollect having had the honor of your acquaintance!" replied Florian.

"But I do!" answered the officer, casting a haughty and threatening glance upon Florian; then turning to his servant, he said, "take the cloak away from me it makes me too warm." The servant obeyed.

When the cloak was removed, Florian recognized in the stranger who now stood before him in the uniform of a French brigade-officer, having the right sleeve of his coat, the arm of which was wanting, fastened upon his breast by the buttons of his coat, the officer he had wounded. Florian stood embarrassed.

"You are Colonel Despars," said Florian.

"Then you recognise me! You have left me a remembrance for life. Well, go on; this is not the place for the settlement of our affairs. I must request you to accompany me."

"If you insist on it?"

"I do insist, I command it!" said the colonel, snatching a pistol from the holster of his saddle.

"You shall not escape me this time; by the d—l I would rather drive this bullet through your body."

"I fear neither you nor your pistols," replied Florian, returning again through the wood to the Fairy-steep. "But I have myself many things to say to you. I regret the misfortune which compelled me to make you a cripple. On your account I lost liberty, country, and happiness, but I rejoice that I have not innocently become your murderer; I rejoice—for they told me you were dead—that you still live."

"You have no reason for that," murmured Despars between his teeth.

"More than you imagine."

"How so?"

"Miss Delory, your daughter, is in despair. She considers me the murderer of her father, whom she loves above all others. But a moment ago I was on my way to leave this country, whence her commands have banished me. God be praised, that you still live! I shall go hence with less regret."

The colonel wished to know more of his daughter and of her acquaintance and connexion with Florian. The Prisoner spoke fearlessly, but with the deference and frankness due to the man, whom Hermione called her father. The colonel examined the Prisoner from head to foot with a gloomy eye. Then again going on he proposed various questions, and Florian continued his explanations unembarrassed.

"That is a mere romance," said the colonel, again stopping; but his eye had already become less threatening, and he gazed long upon the narrator. The energy, fearlessness and beauty of the young man, the stamp of truth in his words, the firmness in his decisions, could not fail to make an impression upon the heart of the soldier.

"It is well! I consider you man of honor," said the colonel; "my daughter cannot have lavished her respect on an unworthy man. Be it so; I will treat you as a man of honor. It was my purpose to have you arrested by the magistrates of the village, and to reclaim your person from the government of Neuenburg, because you are an escaped prisoner and ought to be tried by a French court martial. You are one of the assassins of Disentis."

Florian proved that he had neither participated in the slaughter of the French, nor in the expedition against Enis and Chur; he did not fear any court, although he stood now under the protection of the governor of Neuenburg.

"But fear me," cried the colonel, "and my left arm which has to revenge its fellow in the grave. If you are a man of honor, you will give me satisfaction. I have sworn your death ten thousand times, and I would have already fulfilled a single vow with the greatest joy. Your destiny has conducted you into my presence. Can you use pistols?"

"To be sure, but I will not fight with the father of Hermione."

"Young man, I shall teach you to obey. If you are a coward, I will

shoot you down like a dog." With these words he commanded the horses to stop, and taking two pair of pistols from the holsters, gave one pair to the servant for safe keeping; the other he presented to Florian. "Choose," said he, "both are of the same quality, both well loaded. Choose, take one or I will treat you like the commonest scoundrel."

"I permit you to shoot me down, but I shall never level at you," said Florian, tranquilly. "My life is of little importance to me, but yours of great."

"How could Hermione treat a man with kindness, who has not the courage to meet a man of honor and to give him satisfaction?"

"You are right, colonel. You demand satisfaction for your lost arm; but you lost it in a righteous cause. You demand satisfaction. Well, drive the bullet through my head." He took one of the pistols. The colonel stepped some paces back through the opening of the bushes. It was the same spot where the duel had been fought in the morning. Despars saw the blood and started. "What is this here?" said he; "I see fresh blood!"

"It is the blood of the friend of your youth, Captain Larmagne. Like you, he forced me to a duel some hours since, and on the same spot as you."

"Where is he," inquired Despars, growing pale.

"He is wounded in Mrs. Bell's house."

"Now then, villain, I must then take double revenge; your death or mine," cried the colonel, taking his posture. "Make ready! I stand; you have the first shot. No subterfuges. Level!"

"I will not fire at the father of Hermione."

"I will fire at the same time."

"You shall not compel me to it," said Florian, and aiming his pistol at the top of a pine, fired, bringing down a shower of leaves from the branches. "Now it is your turn!"

"Young man repeat the Lord's prayer; it is all over with you."

The colonel lowered his pistol, seemed to hesitate a moment, raised it again and levelled. Florian saw him aiming, and said, "do not fail! Give my last adieu to Miss Delory!"

The colonel fired and the bullet whistled over the head of the Prisoner.

"You aim badly," said Florian.

"What!" cried Despars, "to fail at twenty paces. The other pair!"

He took the second pair from the hand of the servant, once more compelled Florian to choose, and took his former position. The colonel commanded him to fire.

"Look over you," cried Florian; a raven was flying in the air. The Prisoner fired and the raven fell in a vertical line to the ground.

Despars looked at the bleeding animal which was fluttering on the ground; "a good shot," said he.

"I could as easily have shot away a dollar from between your fingers without grazing your skin. I now await your shot. Remember me to Miss Delory."

Despars seemed embarrassed. He levelled and took a long aim. The shot was made, and the same moment Florian's hat fell backwards from his head. "You aim too high," said Florian, taking up the hat which was pierced through by the bullet.

"The d—l! If I had but my right arm!" cried the colonel. "Am I bewitched, or are you bullet-proof?"

"Load again," said Florian, coolly. "We stand too far apart. The next time level the mouth of the pistol to my head." At this moment the dying raven flapped his wings against the feet of the colonel. He tossed the animal from him, beckoned to the servant, and commanded him to pull out a feather from the raven's wing. Florian, hastening to it, drew out a feather himself and tendered it to the colonel.

"It died instead of me," said Despars. Therefore I take this feather as a memorial. You must be a brave man. You have made me a cripple. I demanded satisfaction for my right arm and you have given it. Accompany me to the house of Mrs. Bell. Is Larmagne badly wounded?"

"Not dangerously; but he experienced at first a great loss of blood," answered Florian. The colonel asked for the details and obtained complete information.

"You must accompany me," said Despars. "Hermione is an enthusiast; she has banished you as the supposed murderer of her father; but I will tell her that I sustain my life as a token of your generosity."

Florian opposed it for some time, but soon changed his mind and obeyed the colonel. They restored the pistols to the holsters. The servant preceded them with the horses, and the reconciled foes followed on foot.

Despars made inquiries of the condition of Florian in the Grisons. They spoke much of rebellions and battles; then again of Hermione. Despars often paused to express his admiration and applause, or to give vent to his anger in coarse imprecations and curses on himself, on Larmagne, on professor Onyx and his blasting of rocks in the Fairy-temple.

"Young man," cried the colonel, again stopping, "you have lived a desperate romance; I have come off the worst in it; for I have become a maimed man. But I cannot refuse you my respect. We must become better acquainted with each other.

CHAP. XXVII.—THE END.

They were now not far from the house of Mrs. Bell. They saw almost all its inmates approaching to meet them, Mrs. Bell with her daughter and niece, George, father Stafford, and professor Onyx. Hermione, her cheeks glowing with joy, her lips trembling, and her eyes filled with tears, rushed forward to meet him, and with a sigh from the deepest recesses of her heart, embraced her step-father. All surrounded and joyfully welcomed him as a well known and intimate friend.

"Let these good people satiate themselves with joy," said Stafford, at last to George and Florian. "Let us meanwhile go home, where we have all many things to relate to each other. Here we are superfluous and troublesome personages."

"Never," cried Mrs. Bell, "never! Fear and terror have brought us together, and joy must not separate us. We shall have a simple meal, but the most joyful in the whole principality. Come, let us old people take the lead." Thus saying, she took the arm of father Stafford, and re-

turned with him back to the house. The others slowly followed. Florian stood in the background.

"Ha!" cried Despars, looking around for him, "must the banished remain banished? Hermione, he seems to be in a fair way to become my right arm. He must not be wanting at our feast. Go, Hermione, and conduct him by force, if he will not come willingly. Hermione approached Florian, and together silently followed into the house.

By innumerable questions and answers, narrations and interruptions, light was now thrown upon every occurrence that had taken place. Despars took Hermione, led her into the open air, and conversed with her for a long time. When he came back with her, he drew father Stafford aside, and thus each separately, even professor Onyx himself, "I perceive it well," cried he, "he must become my right arm;" and when they sat down to the table, he so arranged it, that Hermione was seated between him and Florian. And when the glasses were filled to his honor, "no!" he cried, "the Fugitive of the Jura is the hero of the day. My friend Larmagne and I owe him our lives; and were he possessed of less worldly goods, Hermione, he would not be the less worthy of your love. Even when in his village, he made me a cripple, he was right! Give him the bridal kiss!"

At that moment old Morne thrust her grey head into the half open door, and with a rapid glance examined the guests at the table. Then giving a friendly nod, she cried, "God has solved all things well!"

RICHELIEU;

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS. BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

This is the name of a new historical play recently produced upon the English stage, with most distinguished success. We shall probably soon see an America edition of this production, both on and off the stage, but there are retired places out of the world of literature, where a journal penetrates long before the popular book finds it way there, and for the sake of the indigenous population of such secluded nooks and quiet pastures we will bestow a column on this new glory of a fertile and captivating muse.

The skilful way in which he has managed his materials—the adroit treatment of the incidents—and the admirable disposition of the scenic effects, deserve all the applause which the crowded audiences lavish upon the performance. Nor is it hazarding much to anticipate, that as the drama becomes more familiar to the play-goer, as the story comes out more clearly upon repeated representations, and as the performers, mellowed to the scene, are better prepared to give full expression to the beauties of the dialogue, *Richelieu* will be found to acquire even a more lasting popularity than the *Lady of Lyons*, the most successful production of the modern stage.

But we must turn to the poetry from which we have too long detained the reader. As a specimen of the exquisite imagination that threads these fascinating scenes, take *De Mauprat's* delineation of *Julie*—a lover's portrait of his mistress.

Baradas. You speak
As one who fed on poetry.

De Mauprat. Why, man,
The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry
As leaves with summer wind. The heart that loves
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
As Eve in the First Garden. Hast thou seen
My Julie, and not felt it henceforth dull
To live in the common world—and talk in words
That clothe the feelings of the frigid herd?—
Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips—
As on his native bed of roses flush'd
With Paphian skies—Love smiling sleeps:—Her voice
The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure
As virgin wells where Dian takes delight,
Or Fairies dip their changelings!—In the maze
Of her harmonious beauties—Modesty
(Like some severer Grace that leads the choir
Of her sweet sisters) every airy motion
Attunes to such chaste charm, that Passion holds
His burning breath, and will not with a sigh
Dissolve the spell that binds him!—Oh those eyes
That woo the earth—shadowing more soul than lurks
Under the lids of Psyche!—Go!—thy lip
Curls at the purled phrases of a lover—
Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,
Thou wilt not laugh at poets.

In another vein full of condensed power is *Richelieu's* summary of his services in France.

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel;
I am not;—I am *just*!—I found France rent asunder—
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to Rebellion; and weak Laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.—
I have re-created France; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcase,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove!—What was my art?
Genius, some say—some, Fortune—Witchcraft some.
Not so;—my art was *JUSTICE*!

Here, also, is a fine burst of eloquence—brief, but winged with startling

energy. *Richelieu* has just put away one of the two-handed swords of the feudal times, which his arm has now grown too feeble to wield, when his page reminds him that other weapons are now at his command.

Francois (his hand on his hilt.) But none, at your command
Are there other weapons, my good Lord.

Richelieu (who has seated himself as to write, lifts the pen.)

True,—THIS!
Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch-enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing!
But taking sorcery from the master-hand
To paralyse the Cæsars—and to strike
The loud earth breathless!—Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it!

The restlessness, the disappointed heart, the fears, and *visions* of ambition are nobly described in *Richelieu's* soliloquy on the night appointed by the conspirators for the attempt on his life. We cannot give this piece of dark philosophy entire, but take one or two fragments to exemplify its character.

I am not happy!—with the Titan's lust
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,
Shine through wan space, a glory—and a prophet
Whereby pale seers shall from their airy towers
Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologue of kings.
But shall the Future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought—or by the dubious means
Through which the stream of my renown hath run
Into the many-voiced unfathomed Time?
Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime,
And with its waves—when sparkling in the sun,
Oft times the secret rivulets that swell
Its might of waters—blend the hues of blood.

* * * * *

Ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!
Without the roundness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton! Without
The colourings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous!

I have wrought
Great uses out of evil tools—and they
In the time to come may bask beneath the light
Which I have stolen from the angry gods,
And warn their sons against the glorious theft,
Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.
I have shed blood—but I have had no foes
Save those the State had—if my wrath was deadly,
'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,
And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own.
And yet I am not happy—blanch'd and sear'd
Before my time—breathing an air of hate,
And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,
And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth
In contest with the insects—bearding kings
And braved by lackies—murder at my bed;
And lone amidst the multitudinous web,
With the dread Three—that are the Fates who hold
The woof and shears—the Monk, the Spy, the Headsman.
And this is Power! Alas! I am not happy.

The published play is succeeded by three odes, in which Sir LYTTON BULWER emulates the affluent genius of DRYDEN, exhibiting claims to excellence in lyrical poetry equal to those he so well sustains in the drama. From the earliest ages the ode has been associated with tragedy; but in modern times they have rarely been united, and scarcely in any single instance with success. These odes are highly picturesque, varied with the most subtle art, displaying a complete command of rhythm, and treating the topics they embrace in the true spirit of lyrical poetry. The invention, facility, vigor, and bounding music of these compositions will be apparent to the least critical lover of verse. They are grand processions of images, presenting the ideal of the Ages and Characters they represent with marvellous truth and beauty. In the ode on "The Last Days of Elizabeth," we have the following glance at Tilbury Camp, and the grand event on the waters from which we filch a glory we owe to accident.

Call back the gorgeous Past!
Where, bright and broadening to the main,
Rolls on the scornful River,—
Stout hearts beat high on Tilbury's plain,—
Our Marathon for ever!
No breeze above, but on the mast
The pennon shook as with the blast.
Forth from the cloud the day-god strode,
O'er bristling helms the splendor glow'd,—
Leapt the loud joy from Earth to Heaven,

As, thro' the ranks asunder riven,
The Warrior-Woman rode !
Hark, thrilling through the armed Line
The martial accents ring,
"Though mine the Woman's form—yet mine
The heart of England's King!"
Woe to the Island and the Maid !
The Pope has preach'd the New Crusade,
His sons have caught the fiery zeal ;—
The Monks are merry in Castile ;
Bold Parma on the Main ;
And through the deep, exulting sweep
The Thunder-Steeds of Spain.
What meteor rides the sulphurous gale ?
The flames have caught the giant sail !
Fierce Drake is grappling prow to prow !
God and St. George for Victory now !
Death in the Battle and the Wind—
Carnage before and Storm behind—
Wild shrieks are heard above the hurtling roar,
By Orkney's rugged strands, and Erin's ruthless shore.
Joy to the Island and the Maid !
Pope Sixtus wept the last Crusade ;
His sons consum'd before his zeal—
The Monks are Woeful in Castile ;—
Your Monument the Main,
The glaive and gale record your tale,
Ye Thunder-Steeds of Spain !

Of a still more imposing and poetical character is CROMWELL's Dream, through which all the ghastly Thoughts and terrible Prophecies that enter into the conception are finely evolved. We cannot afford space to trace the progress of this imagerial phantasy, and must be satisfied with a brief fragment—the revelation of the beheaded King. We need not solicit attention to this felicitous passage—

He look'd again, and saw
A chamber with funeral sables hung
Wherein there lay a ghastly headless thing
That once had been a king—
And by the corpse a living man, whose doom
Had both been left to Nature's quiet Law.
Were riper for the Garner-House of Gloom.
Rudely beside the gory clay were flung
A broken sceptre and an antique crown,
So, after some imperial Tragedy
August alike with sorrow and renown,
We smile to see the gauds that mov'd our awe,
Purple and orb ; in dusty lumber lie,—
Alas, what thousands, on the stage of Time,
Envied the baubles, and revered the Mime !
Placed by the trunk—with long and whitening hair
By dark-red gouts besprent, the severed head
Up to the Gazer's musing eyes, the while,
Look'd with its livid brow and stony smile.
On that sad scene, his gaze the dreamer fed,
Familiar both the Living and the Dead ;
Terror, and hate, and strife concluded there,
Calm in his six-feet realm the monarch lay ;
And by the warning victim's mangled clay
The Phantom-Cromwell smil'd—and bending down
With shadowy fingers toy'd about the shadowy crown.

We hardly remember throughout the whole scope of English poetry, any thing finer than the last line. CROMWELL, who was *all but King*, toying in his dream with the shadowy crown, is one of those profound configurations in which a world of thought is struck out by a single flash of words. But we have already outrun our space, for which numerous claims press upon us, and we must dismiss the odes and the drama without further illustration. The specimens we have extracted, however, will abundantly testify the prolific and versatile genius of the distinguished author.

THE IDLER IN ITALY.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. Two volumes.

The title of these volumes is so euphonic and attractive that we do not wonder it should have been chosen ; but if it were the fashion to select for the title of a book some words descriptive of its contents, these volumes would have been called a journal of a residence in the south of France and in Italy. Both volumes are full of charming description and intelligent remark ; but, in our opinion, the first volume, which relates chiefly to the south of France, is the more delightful, as well as the more instructive of the two. The frequent reference to home, and the acute, yet gentle spirit of criticism on life and manners, which occupy so many pages of the volume on France, give it value, in our eyes, beyond that which we set upon the gorgeous descriptions of scenery and the skilful notices of works of art which abound in the volume exclusively devoted to Italy. No part of her book is more delightful than that dated from the town of Vienne, an ugly old town, but full of the remains of Roman antiquity, which lies some six or seven leagues to the south of Lyons. How grateful to one's feelings is the reference to home scenes in the following passage :—

Rode over the hills to-day. The weather mild and genial, as if it was the early part of September, instead of the close of October. The aqueducts, which are in many places in a state of perfect preservation, present a

very picturesque effect among the undulations of the hills, which are nearly overgrown with box and privet, the fresh green of which looks still more vivid near the limpid stream furnished by the aqueducts, and which gushes brightly from its arches. Nothing can be more beautiful or various than the views these hills command ; the Rhone forming always a striking feature in the picture. If Vienne was inhabited by English instead of French, how many tasteful villas, and pretty cottages, would soon ornament its environs. At present not one residence of either kind is to be seen, though the beauty of the country might tempt at least the rich citizens to erect such, as a temporary retreat from the turmoil of business ; but it is evident the modern French have as little inclination for rural retirement as those of *l'ancien régime* ; unlike our citizens, who rarely lose that preference for green fields and trees, which is a peculiar taste of all classes in England, as is evinced by the stately mansions and comfortable abodes, as well as the simple cottages, scattered around London. How inviting are the residences of our citizens, where they inhale the fresh breezes of the country, and lay in a stock of health for their commercial occupations. How often, when viewing the fine prospects of France, does memory dwell on the highly cultivated ones at home ? Richmond—unrivalled, unequalled Richmond—with its umbrageous trees, verdant lawns, flowery gardens, bright river, and picturesque villas—to Dulwich, with its pretty houses, embowered in trees, and perfumed by glowing flowers—and to Hempstead, with its wild heath and fresh gales ! No ! there is nothing like dear old England. We may love to wander in other countries ; but *that* is our home, the home of our choice, of our affection.

And again, in the following passages, written in a foreign land, do not the pictures, so charmingly drawn of what is most delightful in English life, make the tears of affection start to one's eyes :

A man, with an air half soldier half mechanic, is seen loitering in chat with some neighbor, at the doors of the untidy abodes that, few and far between, are scattered along the sides of the roads in France ; or else a masculine, ill-favoured-looking woman fills up the door-way, cutting, with a knife, a wedge of bread, that in colour emulates the tint of her complexion ; while a few sturdy, sallow-faced children seem to bid defiance to the angry reproofs she occasionally bestows on them for tormenting the long-legged pigs, lanky dogs, and skinny cats, that unhappily fall in their way. How often have I, when travelling in the environs of some English city, looked with delight on the neat dwellings, and their trim gardens, redolent with flowers, that are thickly strewn by the road's side. The luxuriant growth of the flowers indicated the care bestowed on their culture ; the dahlias flaunted in all the pride of their gorgeous hues, and every autumnal guest bloomed so richly as to make one forget the roses they succeeded. The grass plots were green and smooth as velvet ; the gravel walk displayed not a single faded leaf or weed to sully their purity ; and the balustrades and railings, nay, the very walls that enclosed the pleasure grounds, looked as if well washed every day. The brass knocker, plate on the door, and bell handles, shone like gold, bearing evidence to the indefatigable zeal of the housemaid ; and the bright panes of glass, and pretty flower vases that graced the windows, were equally creditable to her care. In the window of one of those residences might be seen a staid and venerable matron, with spectacles on nose, anxiously looking towards the road for the arrival of her good man from the city, where he had been engaged in his daily avocations since the morning. It is the hour for his return ; Betsy, the cook, has answered that the fish is boiled, the mutton done to a turn ; and she hopes master will soon come. A gig stops at the door ; a sleek, well-conditioned horse, who has drawn it, seems to know he is at home ; a steady-looking lad, in a plain sober livery, jumps out and assists an elderly gentleman, with rubicund cheeks, protuberant stomach, cloth gaiters, and closely-buttoned great-coat, to alight, who, looking at his watch, proclaims that he is five minutes later than his ordinary time, and inwardly hopes that the mutton is not overdone.

In the window of another dwelling a youthful and handsome woman may be seen, even more anxiously looking at the road than the elderly matron we have described. Her dress, though simple, is so tasteful as to bear irrefragable proof that its effect has been carefully studied. A beautiful child of two years old is in her arms, and she glances from the window to the timepiece with something of impatience, as she notes that it is a few minutes later than the usual hour of her husband's return. Nurse, who stands in the background, ventures to hint at the propriety of little young master's going to bed. But the handsome mother declares he shall be kept to get a kiss from papa. Her cheek becomes more rosy, her eyes brighter, for a tilbury is driven rapidly to the gate ; a prancing steed, down whose arch neck the dropping perspiration denotes the impatience with which his master has urged his speed, paws the ground : the reins are thrown over his back, ere the knowing little groom boy can run to his head ; and a tall handsome young man springs from the vehicle, and rapidly rushes towards the house, at the door of which he is met by his pretty wife, round whom and his child his eager arms are soon wound.

Such are the scenes which the traveller may behold in dear, happy England : how much more cheering than any he will witness out of it !

There are some "rule-and-compass" critics who would consider such sketches irrelevant to a journal of a tour in France. We do not agree with them. At all events, irrelevant or not, we are always happy to meet with sketches which exhibit such feelings, whether they be exactly in place or be not.

One is amused by the pleasant confidence with which a beautiful and accomplished woman makes up her mind that she *will persuade* a gentleman to sell her his horse. A man would have said, "I shall try if the Count will be persuaded to sell his steed," but her Ladyship settles at once that she means to succeed in having the charger whose paces and sobriety had pleased her. Accordingly we find a few pages further on that *Mameluke* had become her Ladyship's. This horse Lord Byron coveted, and begged from Lady Blessington at Genoa. With very great reluctance she consented to let him have her favorite charger, upon which he had the

meanness to write to her that he could not afford to give more than eighty guineas for him. Upon this Lady Blessington merely remarks—"I paid a hundred guineas, and would rather lose two hundred than part with him. How strange to beg and entreat to have this horse resigned to him, and then name a price less than he cost."

We must refer to one more passage in which England is so affectionately remembered, and so happily described. The date is the 5th of November:—

This day, sacred in England to dense fogs and effigies of Guy Fawkes, has been here as mild and sunshiny as the first days of September. The influence of climate on the health and spirits is, after all, not to be denied; and it compensates for the lack not only of luxury, but of comfort, experienced in a rambling life on the Continent. Yet when the evening closes in, and a cold air, not excluded by ample window curtains, well-fitting windows, and doors that shut close, makes itself felt, I yearn for the well-furnished, well-warmed apartments of my home; where the genial atmosphere and solid elegancies within doors make one forget the discomforts without. The luxuries and refinements that civilization begets, though they have their disadvantages, are not without many advantages; not the least of which may be considered the love of home they create in those who might not be influenced by more patriotic sentiments. Our country and hearths become doubly dear when their luxurious comforts are contrasted with the cheerless residences of the Continent; which, whatever may be their pretensions to costly decoration, are sadly deficient in that English indispensable—comfort. Who would not *fight* for that cheerful hearth, by whose exhilarating blaze he has sat surrounded by the objects of his affection, enjoying all the appliances of competence that industry can supply, or civilization invent? How often, when travelling in an autumnal evening, in dear England, have I glanced through the well-cleaned casements of the humble cottages that border the road, and been delighted with the pictures the interior presented. The bright fire, and mantel-shelf over it, with its shining coppers; the clock, that marks the flight of time; the well-rubbed warming-pan; the dresser with its store of china and delf; and the clean cloth spread on the homely board, round which happy faces are congregated—yes, such scenes have I often dwelt on with pleasure in England. But, in France, I have as yet beheld none such.

We had marked many more passages of Lady Blessington's volumes for extract, but we have already gone as far as our space will permit, without having more than barely touched upon the second volume. We abandon our intended extracts, however, with the less regret because we have no doubt that those which we have given will induce all who read them to obtain the volumes from which they are taken, and to read the whole.

THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

There are so many ways by which this country can be ruined, that it is astonishing how it has been kept together so long. When the American war broke out, it was predicted that the loss of our colonies in the New World would destroy forever the maritime interests of Great Britain; yet we lost our colonies, and have some maritime prosperity left notwithstanding. In like manner the bill for emancipating the Catholics was regarded as a masked battery against church and state, which was to have the inevitable effect of overturning the throne, annihilating the altar, and confiscating ecclesiastical property; yet we survived that terrible event, and the throne and the altar are still miraculously in existence, and the church still receives its rents. Of course, no man can tell how long we are to continue safe, but it is some comfort to us that the monarchy and the nation have received their death blows over and over again, and that they still breathe. To be exposed to destruction in a variety of vulnerable points would be enough to drive us into despair, had we not the consolation of knowing that we are blessed with a mysterious principle of vitality which evades dissolution. There are certain kinds of fish—the flying fish, for example—which you may cut into bits, or pluck out the heart, and which retain life with extraordinary tenacity throughout all the severed parts. England seems to have something of this sort of nature. You may cut off the church from the state, or the navy from the army, or pluck out its great heart of monopoly and privilege, and still it quivers and throbs, and is so accustomed to bleeding, that one at last begins to think it cannot bleed to death.

But although experience fortifies us with a vague belief that we have a kind of preternatural power of outliving calamity, yet we cannot always summon the requisite courage to meet misfortunes that come upon us in new and unexpected shapes. Thus the great giant, who had himself slain giants out of number, and who had the strength and audacity of a giant, quailed before *Tom Thumb*, and was vanquished by a dwarf. We may have crushed the Star Chamber, abolished ship-money, beheaded one King, wrung a reluctant charter from another, over-run India, beat NAPOLEON, and dictated a peace to Europe, yet we may not be able to recover ourselves from the shock which the whole country has received, in consequence of the Queen having ordered Miss DAVVS to her room. It does not follow that because we have hitherto been preserved through trying difficulties of a different description, we should be able to struggle against this novel form of national grievance.

Her Majesty, it appears, has recently dispensed with the attendance of Miss DAVVS, who held what is called a "confidential" office in the royal household. The nature of the confidence reposed in Miss DAVVS has not transpired; and all that is known is that Miss DAVVS one day twirled her eye-glass in the presence of royalty, and having twirled it so awkwardly that it touched the Queen, was dismissed forthwith to her room. There can be no doubt that Miss DAVVS committed an inexcusable *étoquerie* in twirling any thing at court, but whatever excuse might be offered for the act itself, none can be suggested for the awkwardness with which it was performed. It is a well known fact in natural history, that if a hound comes down of his own accord, and, therefore, with proper precaution, from the bench on which he is lying in the kennel, no notice is taken of the circumstance by the other hounds; but if he fall off from awkwardness, all

the others fly at him and worry him to death. The greatest offence that can be given in courts, as well as in kennels, is the offence of *awkwardness*.

The consequences, however, of this exercise of the royal will, cannot be contemplated without serious apprehensions. It is even feared in some quarters that, because the Queen sent Miss DAVVS to her room, the liberty of the subject is at an end. The *Oxford Herald* alludes to the affair in language so dark and ominous, that it is impossible to measure the extent of the evil which that excellent journal evidently dreads. "Miss DAVVS," says the *Oxford Herald*, "is the exemplary daughter of the truly pious Dean of Chester; a daughter," continues our contemporary with emphatic solemnity, "every way worthy of such a father." This makes the matter still more serious. To be worthy of such a father, and to be sent to her room, presents a combination of circumstances, we may venture to say, unparalleled in the history of courts. The *Oxford Herald*, however, believes that the young lady was not dismissed, but that she has "withdrawn from a service into which she was pressed much against her own and her father's inclination." When we find the Queen of England pressing the daughter of the truly pious Dean of Chester into the household, against her own and her pious father's inclination, and then permitting her to withdraw from the household, we may ruefully exclaim, "chaos is come again."

The usages of courts are not familiar to the public at large. Some people suppose that peculiar customs prevail in the presence of majesty, and that various conventions, unknown elsewhere, are adopted in the circle of the palace. But, however that may be, it is presumed that human nature does not undergo any elemental transformation in the service of Kings and Queens, and that, whatever ceremonials may be observed before royalty, nothing can be exacted there which is essentially contrary to the laws of gravitation, to the properties of things, or to any other fundamental conditions of physical or mathematical truth. For example, although certain modes of genuflexion may be prescribed at court, it cannot be required that a lady should walk on her hands, and bow upwards, because such a process would be in a manner impossible. Nor can it be supposed that the household are forbidden to eat or sleep, because sustenance and repose are quite as necessary to people who live in courts as to people who live in alleys. Nor is it likely that there is any necromantic arithmetic in real life by which two and two can be multiplied into five, or any chemistry by which the Thames can be set on fire, or any divine art by which night can be turned into day, or the ice of winter be made to blush over with the perfumed roses of summer. The corollary from all this is that, whatever may be said or thought of court forms and breeding, of the domestic regulations and privileges of the palace, of ladies of honor, and lords of the bedchamber, nothing can happen at court which is not likely to happen, in modified forms according to circumstances, in any other place in the world. Courtiers may wear stars till they make the face of the Throne-room blaze with artificial day, but they cannot conjure with them. Astrology is defunct.

We do not pretend to prognosticate what effect the dismissal or withdrawal of Miss DAVVS may have on the future destinies of England; whether it may produce a revolution in the provinces, or a farce at the Adelphi; but it is tolerably clear that the sensation some persons have affected about it, goes a great way to showing that, in their opinion, the Queen has no right to exercise her own judgment in the selection and government of her own household. The want of something to find fault with, is a grievous want; and, if nothing of great moment can be found, we must put up with what we can get. If every thing goes well in the state, perhaps there is something wrong in the kitchen of Buckingham Palace. Could we only detect the *chef de cuisine* in a false position, what a convulsion we should make at the next election! The situation of royalty is at least not to be envied in this respect, that it is deprived of that freedom which is the inheritance of private life, and that it can do nothing in its domestic capacity to which the party out of office will not endeavor to attach a political and unworthy motive.

SCANDAL AT MUNICH.

"The king of Bavaria lately made a decree that none in his dominions should wear mustaches, except *militaires*. The King, travelling into Italy under the *incognito* of Count D'Au, was stopped by his own guard at the frontiers, and ordered to shave off his own magnificent hirsute appendages; nothing but a declaration of his rank saved him from the calamity."—*Paris paper*.

So far the newspaper paragraph! Our Munich correspondent has furnished us with a leaf from the scandalous chronicles of Munich, which, if true, accounts for the King's dislike to *mustaché-adorned* civilians.

His Majesty Lewis Charles Augustus, who is one of the most learned and accomplished sovereigns in Europe, is in the habit of wandering about the suburbs of Munich in disguise. On one of these excursions his Majesty's attention was attracted by as pretty a piece of humanity, in the shape of woman, as one would wish to see. We are not enabled to give a description of this nomadic beauty; suffice it to say, that the King addressed the girl—flattered and amused her by his agreeable conversation—was allowed to see her to her father's residence, (the father being a very humble shopkeeper,) where he left her, under the promise of meeting her at the same hour the following evening.

Now, previous to this, it happened that whilst walking in the celebrated gallery of paintings, the king observed a remarkably handsome young gentleman, dressed with great elegance, examining the pictures. Believing him to be a man of distinction and a stranger, the King desired one of his attendants to inquire his name, and invite him to the palace. The attendant did so, the stranger said he was the Chevalier de Rigny; and was now staying at Munich for the purpose of examining the various works of art which adorn it. The Chevalier proceeded to the palace, where he was well received by the King, and his visits were repeated again and again, though Lewis thought that the Chevalier, notwithstanding his elegant appearance and manners, was somewhat of a blockhead.

When Lewis proceeded to fulfil his engagement with the fair *bourgeoise*, he was annoyed by observing, a little way before him, the Chevalier de Rigny, who pursued the very path it was necessary that he (the King) should take. His majesty was still more provoked when the Chevalier

continued to make every turn just before him, as if he were acting as an *avant courrier*; however, cautiously keeping his distance, he kept in the Chevalier's wake, when lo! the Chevalier stopped at the door of the very shopkeeper whose daughter Lewis was about to meet! De Rigny was admitted; and shortly after the girl came from the house, attired for a walk, and joined the King.

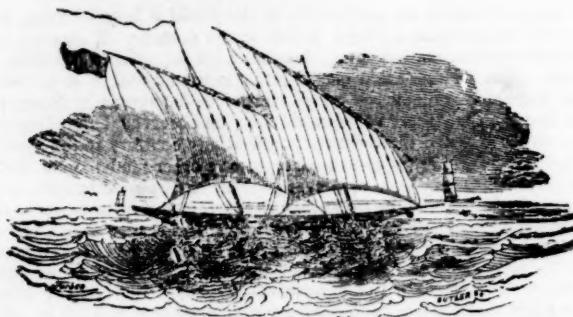
"Pray who is that gentleman who has just gone into the house?" said Lewis.

"Oh! that is my brother!"

"Indeed!" said the King.

"Yes! he has come from Paris to visit us; he is, I can assure you, a great man at Paris—he is the most fashionable *perruquier* there, I can tell you."

What was the result of his Majesty's suit we cannot tell, but the King never admitted the Chevalier de Rigny again to his presence; and being determined that he would not again be deceived by a pair of handsome mustaches, he made a decree against all civilians wearing them, and good-humoredly told the story of the Chevalier de Rigny, amidst the laughter of his court.



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1839.

A STORY WRIT FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

(Concluded.)

"If lusty love should go in quest of beauty
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
He is the half part of a blessed man
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair, divided excellence
Whose fitness of perfection lies in him."

If you have ever, like myself, fair lady, fancied in your childish dream that Heaven must be a place with interminable flights of stairs, you would scarce land at Malta, from a wearisome ship, and glance up a mountain side all studded with palaces, balconies, stone steps, and flitting and veiled women, without feeling that this fair city, if not the Heaven you had dreamed of, might make a very pleasant stopping-place on one's way thither.

The rocks of Malta seem to have been created in architecture. The taste and gorgeousness of the whole city of Valetta bear the lavish and consistent impress which we find in the shapes of trees and the color of flowers—not here and there a fair tree, or a lovely flower, but a world of fair trees and flowers of wonderful loveliness. Malta so seems to you a part of an architectural universe, and you glance in thought at the Knights of St. John, as having wrought at it as the angels did at mountain and river in the six days of creation.

As melancholy a gentleman as you would meet in your travels, was Mr. Everard Trulian, as he climbed the successive flights of stairs leading from the water-side to the principal square of Valetta. For the first time since he had left Constantinople he felt forced to drive from his thoughts the image of the beloved Egyptian, and remember that he had come to meet—a relative. Miss Mavis, he presumed, was by this time his sister; for though he had not heard that the marriage between his father and Lady Mavis had taken place, the letters which had contained the request that he would immediately join Mrs. Trevor and Miss Mavis at Malta, had also stated that the bridal would probably take place in the week following.

It was not till he had taken bath and his breakfast very deliberately at the Hotel, that Mr. Trulian rang and enquired if Mrs. Trevor was in the house. He followed his card in a cool half hour, and was welcomed by the kind old lady very cordially and alone. Little as he anticipated pleasure or sympathy from the interview, he had been so long away from those who spoke his own language, and knew and loved him as the son of the house of Trulian, that his heart melted to Mrs. Trevor's inquisitive kindness, and he found himself in less than an hour surprised into a confidence which he would not have believed he could have made to any person on earth. He told her the story of his passion, described with a glowing face the absurd and cruel test by which his claims to high birth had been tried and found wanting, and described with a suppressed anguish that moved the heart of his attentive listener, the week of frantic and vain search he had made for Maroula after the sudden parting in the garden.

"But how is it possible," said Mrs. Trevor, as she loosed the curtains to shut out the pitiless brightness of a Maltese sun, "how is it possible that a family so well known as must be that of a Bey, could vanish in a night without a trace."

"I did every thing, my dear Mrs. Trevor! I bribed, and entreated, and forced my way into the gates in open day. They were gone. I thought it might be but for a short time, to evade my importunities, and I returned at all hours for a week. No one but a jabbering Nubian was left at last, and though he was easily induced by gold to give me free liberty to wander through the gardens and the house, he either knew or could explain nothing. There is no police in the East. The privacy of a house that has been occupied by a woman is sacred, and I was foiled utterly. It was necessary that I should meet you here in this month, but I am convinced that I should have discovered no more by remaining at Constantinople. I have lost her, my dear madam, and with her, all interest in life."

Mrs. Trevor, during this outbreak of grief and disappointment, sat uneasily on her chair, and to a person less absorbed in his own thoughts than Everard, would have betrayed a state of embarrassment somewhat beyond the demand of a friendly sympathy. She took his hand, at last, with a look of the deepest concern.

"My dear Everard!" she said, "I trust that this passion of yours is no deeper than many you have felt and forgotten. You have seen more beautiful and more accomplished—"

"Madam!" interrupted Everard, rising suddenly to his feet, and with the next thought, again putting his hand into hers,—"forgive me, dear Mrs. Trevor, if I seem rude and violent. You cannot understand how this love has possessed me. Do not say it is romantic, and loved for its romance. The voice, the eyes, the thousand graces of that beautiful girl, enchanting as they were, were nothing to the qualities of her mind, shown through every syllable she spoke. She was all that is playful, delicate, winning, and tender. I shall never love again, and I know too well that I never loved before. That girl, dear friend, was the destiny of my heart."

"Stay, for God's sake, do not say it!" exclaimed Mrs. Trevor, suddenly walking away from him in the greatest agitation. I did not think this would be so serious. We have done wrong, very wrong, Everard."

"Madam?"

"Forgive us! forgive us!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, and, drawing with a sudden effort a curtain, opening out upon a deep balcony, darkened with shrubs and flowers, she disclosed the prostrate form of Maroula!

With a single bound Everard sprang into the balcony, and imprinting a long and passionate kiss upon her insensible forehead, bore her out to a small garden beyond, where, above a grove of low orange trees, bearing both fruit and flower, rose the jet of a concealed fountain. The next instant, the close yashmack was torn by Mrs. Trevor from the face and bosom of the senseless girl, and while she bathed her pallid lips, Everard slowly and agonizingly retraced in the Egyptian Maroula, the clearly chiselled features, though but once seen, of the slighted Elinor Mavis. She had accomplished her perilous revenge, but she had played her part too well!

Dearest lady, in your bright and vivid imagination, you will again have outrun my loitering story, and drawn with your darkest pencil of fancy, the painful hours of explanation and reproach between two who had so mutually travestied and entangled their own web of happiness. A sadder party of travellers than Mrs. Trevor and Sir Everard's children never wound their slow way over Alps and Appenines to England.

Not like brother and sister,—no, not at all like brother and sister,—but like lovers doomed to love on, though love be sinful and hopeless—silent, I say, and almost cold in their formal kindness to each other, they drove without the delay of an hour, on their arrival, to Mavis Court. The sere leaves of autumn were rustling on the trees, but as they approached the home of Eleanor, there was a change. Glimpses through the park showed trees laced with ribands, music prevailed by broken echoes over the sound of the wheels, and as they neared the gate, out marched a troop of the old tenants of Sir Richard, and with an English cheer, the daughter was welcomed home again to her paternal halls.

Eleanor let down the window as the carriage stopped for the gate to open, and asked the steward, whom she saw directing some further manifestations of welcome, what might mean all this rejoicing.

"Did you not know, my dear young mistress, that this is the day of the wedding?"

There, lady—I have brought you near enough to the close of your story—yours, I say, because you have imagined it more than I have described it. You see how it all should end, but I must just remark, what perhaps I was the only one to notice, that when Sir Everard took the bridal veil from Lady Mavis's head, and the plain gold ring from his own finger, and gave them respectively to Everard and Eleanor, there was a look in his eyes that convinced me he would have found consolation had the union of

the Mavis and Trulian property been delegated to himself and the still beautiful Lady of Maviscourt.

Moral.—Find a flaw in your diamond!

Plunderings by the Way.

THE GREAT WESTERN.—A half-yearly general meeting of the proprietors of the *Great Western* steam-ship was held in Princes street, Bristol, last week. The report stated that it was impossible to speak too highly of the qualities of the *Great Western* steam-ship; after having run 35,000 nautical miles, and encountered 36 days of heavy gales, her seams required no caulking, and when she was docked she did not show a wrinkle in her copper. The average of her passage out was fifteen and a half days, and home, thirteen days; the shortest passage out was fourteen and a half days, and the shortest home, twelve and a quarter. About 1000 passengers had gone in the ship. The company have decided on constructing their next vessel of iron, for which the preparations are far advanced. It appeared that there remained from the profits of the *Great Western* sufficient for a dividend of five per cent., making, with the former one of four per cent., nine per cent. for the year.

Miss Bertha Southey, the daughter of the Poet Laureate, was married last week at Kiswick, to the Rev. Thomas Hill, a minister of the established church. The laureate himself is expected to be married to Miss Caroline Bowles, at the end of the present month.

The contemplated matrimonial alliance between the Marquis de Fayal, eldest son of the Duke de Pamella, and the Portuguese heiress, Madlle. Sampayo, with a fortune of two millions sterling, will not be solemnized for two years.

The Countess of Albertsdor, late Miss Graham, who a few months ago published an interesting pamphlet on the mysterious history of Gaspard Hauser, is about to publish "further particulars," which will give a clue to the discovery of the perpetrators of his murder.

Among the youthful *debutantes* of the present season is the Hon. Ellen Louisa Brougham, daughter of Lord and Lady Brougham. The young lady has just entered her seventeenth year.

SOCIAL VALUE OF THE GALLows.—A man named *Thomas Taylor*, aged twenty-two, was hanged at Hertford, England, for the murder of an old pensioner, named Bennett. We take the following account of the demeanor of the convict and his relatives preceding the last solemnity.

"Taylor's mother had an interview with him on Monday. She asked him whether he wanted any of his clothes washed, and he replied that the clothes he had been tried in would do very well for him. Neither of them appeared at all concerned when the moment arrived for their separation. The convict's father, an aged man, went to him on Tuesday, and, after some little conversation, the father told the convict—'To die like a man, and go to the gallows with the same firmness with which he had borne his trial and sentence.' The unhappy young man replied: 'I will, father;' and so they separated."

Taylor kept his word, and met his fate with composure; thus securing the esteem and admiration of his parents and friends for his memory, by the boldness displayed on his exit. The ignominy of the punishment is forgotten in praises of the "pluck" with which it is met—to die upon the gallows is a trifle, but to "die game" secures to the hero a pretty reputation among those very persons whom the wisdom of the legislator seeks to awe-strike by a "terrible example." The gibbet has its laurels as well as the field, albeit they are "worn with a difference."

General (Baron) Lallemand, proscribed after the restoration in France, died in Paris on the 9th inst., in the 63d year of his age.

MADAME VESTRIS'S "SON."—On Sunday last a youth suddenly presented himself in the parlor of Madame Vestris, Elm Grove, Notting Hill, and, addressing himself to the lady, said he was her son—that he had come to claim her as his mother, as also some property which had been left him by his father, the Duke of Cumberland. The youth was immediately given into custody. He then said "Well, I was told five years ago, by a man named Harrogan, that I had been changed in my cradle, and was the son of Madame Vestris and the Duke of Cumberland." He afterwards said, if it was not the Duke of Cumberland it was Lord Harrington who was his father, but he was sure Madame Vestris was his mother. On Monday the boy was taken to Queen square, when Mr. C. Mathews remarked that recent circumstances had induced him to consider this a matter of *more serious consequence* than the result proved. The boy, who it appeared was of a weak mind, was ultimately given into the charge of his father.

CHATEAUBRIAND AND HIS PROTECTOR.—As M. de Chateaubriand was coming out of the Cathedral of Notre Dame the other day, where he had been to hear a sermon by the Abbe de Ravignan, he was recognized by a large party of young men, who followed him with acclamation as far as

the Pont Neuf. Here, however, he escaped from their well-meant but inconvenient testimonials of respect by entering a cabriolet. The simple driver of the vehicle, not comprehending the rather tumultuous kind of honor that the crowd were paying to the illustrious author, thought that he had been the humble instrument of saving him from popular violence. As he drove off, therefore, he gesticulated with violence at the noisy escort of M. de Chateaubriand, exclaiming, at the same time, "He is under my care now—touch him if you dare!"—*French paper.*

The troussau of the bride elect of the Marquis of Douro—the Lady Elizabeth Hay—is likely to be one of the most splendid that has added value to the dowry of modern *belles*. We hear that his Grace the Duke of Wellington having found in his cabinets quantities of diamonds which he had forgotten, or never thought of till now, has declared that the bride shall have them all. Amongst them is an order given to his grace by Louis XVIII., worth 50,000*l.* The Lady Elizabeth is in her 19th year.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT DUSSELDORF.—A grand musical festival will be held towards the end of this month at Dusseldorf, at which twelve hundred performers are to assist. It is to last two days. On the first, Handel's *Messiah*, from his own score, without the accompaniments for wind instruments, which were added by Mozart, is to be executed; and on the second day a grand miscellaneous selection.

THE VENUS OF MILO.—This fine wreck of antiquity was found at Milo by a poor peasant named Yorgos, who, knowing neither to read or write, put a cross in the way of signature to the agreement by which he sold it in 1820, to the Viscount de Marcellus, at one time Chargé d'Affaires at our court. M. de Marcellus conveyed the statue to Ptolemais, Alexandria, Athens, Smyrna, and thence to Constantinople, where it was bought by the French Ambassador, the Marquis, since the Duke de Riviere, who presented it to Louis XVIII. The Venus of Milo is now the finest ornament of the Louvre Museum.

AMERICAN BREAKFAST.—At breakfast about 100 persons sat down to table, amongst whom I noted many exceedingly pretty and well-dressed women (ladies, I should say, for the former word is not *de bon ton* in the States!) whose fine dark eyes, and small neat heads, were set off to advantage by the plain braided hair and Grecian knot. I remarked no monstrosities of manner, such as former pens have scored down against our neighbors. I saw no rosy lips divorced by the rude knife, nor other prominent solecism against received proprieties. On the contrary, I conscientiously believe that no equal number of chance guests at the table of a British hotel would have been so perfectly respectable in behaviour, so demure, so silent, so dull. I did not detect a smile on any countenance during the repast; there was no distraction from the business of the moment. An Englishman usually strives to extract amusement from whatever position he happens to fall into; though a "nation of shopkeepers," our great delight, in our hours of ease, is to "sink the shop." Dollars are the *primum mobile* of the American—trade the staple of his conversation—electioneering his small talk!—*English paper.*

The Marquis of Waterford had a narrow escape from being overturned on Monday evening, when he was driving to town four-in-hand, along the western road. The horses took fright at Turnham Green, and dashed with their utmost speed through Hammersmith, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of the noble marquis and a gentleman sitting by his side, to stop them. In its progress the carriage was swayed from side to side of the road, but fortunately did not come in contact with any of the numerous vehicles; and, eventually, the course of the horses was checked without any injury having been sustained.

The general topic of conversation and interest during the week has been a singular circumstance which has transpired at the Palace, and in which the names of a very illustrious personage, her august mother, the Marquis of Hastings, and his sister, Lady Flora Hastings, have been freely mentioned. It appears that about a fortnight ago, a lady in the suite of the Duchess of Kent, and sister of a marquis, had occasion for medical advice, and it was reported about the Palace immediately afterwards that she was in a very peculiar situation. Her Majesty being made acquainted with the common talk, is represented as having forbade the presence of the noble lady at Court, and to have recommended the Duchess of Kent to dispense with her attendance about her person. The Duchess gave no credence to the rumor, and was confirmed in her disbelief by the object of the surmise, who expressed the greatest indignation on being made acquainted with the calumny, and instantly despatched a message to urge her brother to come to town without delay. Medical opinion was taken, when the injustice of the suspicions were placed beyond question, and her Majesty is reported to have made every atonement to the wounded feelings of the lady and her brother. It ought to be mentioned that a suggestion having been made to the noble person whose fair fame was thus attempted to be compromised, to

retire from Court until her health was re-established, she positively refused, determined that the misfortune of ill-health should not be converted into the possibility of misconstruction by the buzzing insects that flutter in the atmosphere of Court favour, and whose whisper is worse than the most envenomed sting.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The stormy excitement ever created by our charter election has been gradually subsiding during the week, yet so manifest is the disappointment in the result on one side, and so unexpected and so grateful is the victory to the other party, that demonstrations of the feelings of both exhibit themselves in every circle in the city. In one sense, we are sure the "spoils belong to the victors"—for new hats, new coats, new boots, champagne and suppers, have been the "order" of the day or the night during the entire week. We are sorry to see that some of our acquaintance who really needed some of those necessary appendages of the outer man, still sporting a terrible bad hat, or a rusty coat, while their lucky friends shine out in all the exuberance of most decorous beavers and fashionable integuments. Except these indications of the turnings of Fortune's wheel, the troubled waters have subsided, and the cares and business of life have resumed their wonted channels.

Early on Monday morning we were aroused from anxious dreams by a servant thundering at our door and announcing the arrival of the Great Western. Her passage was a long one, having encountered almost constant head winds, and boisterous weather. By her we have obtained our files of English papers, but, contrary to all expectation, they are mild and pacific to the last degree. However, they had not heard in England of the doings in Congress, when the Western left, and we may still expect the Parliament of her Majesty will respond through its members to some of the patriotic speeches indulged in by our own orators. Besides this, we do not anticipate any further trouble from the Boundary question, for both countries must now be convinced of the necessity of an immediate adjustment of the same.

The complimentary benefit to Mr. Wallack has been another fruitful topic of discussion, and the pros and cons on the propriety of giving successful managers benefits extraordinary, have been most eloquently put forth. We take leave here to say, that if there were any reasonableness or justice in awarding to Mr. Simpson a similar honor, the friends of the Drama could hardly withhold from Mr. Wallack some token of their esteem and just appreciation of the splendid and liberal manner he has conducted the National the past winter.

Wall street has been on the *qui vive* the whole week, and many have been the speculations on the character of the instructions to Mr. Fox, the resident British Minister at Washington. The result, when announced, will have an immediate effect on stocks.

LADY BULWER'S NOVEL OF CHEVERLY, OR THE MAN OF HONOR.—This, we hear by letters from London, promises to be as precious a leaf out of Woman's experience as was ever read by the curious. Sir Edward married a pale, delicate, poetical, consumptive girl, who, soon after marriage, grew rosy, large, haughty, imperious and splendid. A handsomer or more showy woman than Lady Bulwer could scarce be found in the world, but it would appear by her own showing, that her temper did not improve with her health. If she does not relish living with "the children" at Acton, (twelve or fourteen miles from London,) while the admired and gay author-baronet leads a bachelor's life in London, that and her other grievances were best kept for her posthumous memoirs. As the wife of the first genius of the age, she is sure to "have her fame" in this biography-mad century, and in her own day she is but making herself and all her friends, her husband included, very awkwardly uncomfortable. The world, however, has forgiven beautiful women sins of a deeper dye than this, and Lady Bulwer will be forgiven—if she publish her portrait for a frontispiece to Cheverly. Quite seriously, there is no doubt, we believe, that she loves her husband to madness, spite of all her violence, which, (in all the cases so anecdotically known to the London world) has grown out of jealousy and slight. *Love, infuriated by jealousy*, is no doubt the key to this new novel; and though we shall look for it with great curiosity, we wish most sincerely that it may have been suppressed.

THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.—Should any of our readers or their friends desire to become acquainted with the literature of Germany, by acquiring the language, we should esteem ourselves happy to refer them to a most accomplished and able instructor now residing in the city. As evidence of his proficiency in our language as well as his own, we offer the story of the Fugitive of the Jura, which was translated by him, and has been the admiration of scholars.

PROFESSOR COMBE.—We learn that this gentleman will repeat his course of lectures on Phrenology at the Stuyvesant Institute. As we are among those unfortunate individuals yet unconverted to the glories and usefulness of this much-lauded science, we hope to find time to initiate

ourselves into its sacred mysteries, under the auspices of so celebrated a delineator as Prof. Combe.

MOST APPALLING.—Often in a troubled dream have we been aroused to a sense of consciousness by our wayward fancy's depicting the horror with which one must contemplate any approach to the terrible catastrophe we lay before our readers. Five human beings have been whirled into the vortex of Niagara, hurried over the fall, and crushed and mangled in the bubbling foam beneath.

The only particulars which we have been able to learn, are, that just before sunrise, on Thursday morning last, a boat with two men in it was discovered in the middle of the river, above the falls, vainly endeavoring to make their way through the ice, with which they were enclosed, to the Canada shore. Their utmost exertions proved unavailing, and in a short time they were seen to enter the cascades, when they disappeared. In half an hour after, another boat, with three men in it, was discovered in the same awful situation, and trying too, to gain the Canada side; but in a few moments shared the melancholy fate of the other. Yesterday the body of a man was picked up in the Whirlpool, supposed to be one of these unfortunate men, having about his person two hundred dollars, and a valuable gold watch. We have no other particulars.

Colman's Monthly Miscellany, a new periodical to be published in New York, will be, we understand, an **ORIGINAL AMERICAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE**, as various, spirited, and attractive, as the literature of the country, and the talents of some of its best writers, can make it. There is no set plan (in reference to the monthly), such as is usually embodied in a prospectus—nor is it meant to have any. The intention of the Editors is, that it shall be, *emphatically*, a **NATIONAL JOURNAL**, containing nothing that can be called sectional, sectarian, or partisan, in *any* sense of these words. As far as can be predicted from a long acquaintance with the Editors, we can see a fair promise for this new periodical. There seems to be as much room for new periodicals, after they are launched, as for new ships on the sea. Mr. Cutter is perhaps less known than Mr. Mellen, but he is a highly finished scholar, and has tried the ups and downs of life, long and deeply enough to have added tact and knowledge of the world to his quick natural qualities. He is a writer of great vivacity, and good stuff for an Editor. Grenville Mellen is too well known to require more than the printing of his name. They *ought* to make a capital magazine.

S. COLMAN, No. 8 Astor House, has in immediate preparation **JOHN SMITH'S LETTERS**, with "Picters" to match; containing the only authentic history extant of the late war in our disputed Territory; together with sundry other *matters and things*, not to be found in any other book.

THE EXPOSITOR.—Our attention has just been directed by a friend to an article in the Expositor, wherein it is more than hinted that our craft, on a recent occasion, did not display the humanity or the courtesy of a "Free Sailor" toward that elegant and well-filled hebdomadal. We deeply regret that the unceasing cares of our situation, should have caused us to exhibit even the appearance of neglecting the duties belonging to us as men and fellow-cruisers on the literary seas. But the native urbanity of the Commander of the Expositor should have suggested an excuse for any inadvertent withholding of the offices of kindness on our part. Besides, we have never received the usual *exchange* of signals by which a new craft is always welcomed by those longer on the deep, and were utterly ignorant that we were ever alluded to in the Expositor; and moreover, we were no sooner launched than we heard that the Expositor was among the breakers on a lee-shore, and in imminent peril. At that time we were apprehensive of similar dangers, and it seemed to us, it would evince a lack of modesty in a mere "rover" to attempt the rescue of so noble a ship, much less to allude to its exposure and escape, though we felt an intense and friendly interest for the stranger buffeting the tides on an unknown coast.

If in this plain recital the Expositor find a satisfactory explanation of our motives and for our course, it surely will not withhold from us a fitting reparation for so serious a charge as pronouncing us destitute of all the characteristics "belonging to a civilized community." The Corsair will eventually be found equally disposed to exchange civilities, or show her teeth; but among neutrals and in a friendly port, her officers may be excused for a little sensitiveness to a reproach for courtesy or unkindness, even though the *red flag* floats at the fore.

PASSAGES FROM TORTESA THE USURER.

The third act discovers Tortesa, alone, in an apartment of the Falcone Palace, waiting the return of the count from his journey.

Tortesa. (*Musing.*) There are some luxuries too rich for purchase. Your soul, 'tis said, will buy them, of the devil—
Money's too poor! What would I not give, now,
That I could *scorn* what I can hate and ruin!
Scorn is the priceless luxury! In heaven,
The angels *pity*. They are blest to do so;
For, pitying, they look down. We do't by *scorn*!
There lies the privilege of noble birth!—

The jewel of that bloated toad is *scorn* !
 You may take all else from him. You—being mean—
 May get his palaces—may wed his daughter—
 Sleep in his bed—have all his peacock menials
 Watching your least glance, as they did “my lord’s;”
 And well-possessed thus, you may pass him by
 On his own horse ; and while the vulgar crowd
 Gape at your trappings, and scarce look on him—
 He, in his rags, and starving for a crust—
 You’ll feel his *scorn*, through twenty coats of mail,
 Hot as a sun-stroke ! Yet there’s something for us !
 Th’ archangel fiend, when driven forth from heaven,
 Put on the serpent, and found sweet revenge
 Trailing his slime through Eden ! So will I !

* * * * *

Falcone. Sir, the duke sets forth—
Tortesa. Use no ceremony !

Yet stay ! a word ! Our nuptials follow quick

On your return ?

Falcone. That hour, if it so please you !
Tortesa. And what’s the bargain if her humor change ?
Falcone. The lands are yours again—’tis understood so.
Tortesa. Yet, still a word ! You leave her with her maids.
 I have a right in her by this betrothal.
 Seal your door up till you come back again !
 I’d have no foplings tampering with my wife !
 None of your painted jackdaws from the court,
 Snearing and pitying her ! My Lord Falcone !
 Shall she be private ?

Falcone. (Aside.) (Patience ! for my lands !)
 You shall control my door, sir, and my daughter !
 Farewell now !

[Exit *FALCONE*.]

Tortesa. Oh, omnipotence of money !
 Ha ! ha ! Why, there’s the haughtiest nobleman
 That walks in Florence ! He—whom I have bearded—
 Checked—made conditions to—shut up his daughter—
 And all with *money* ! They should pull down churches
 And worship it ! Had I been *poor*, that man
 Would see me rot ere give his hand to me.
 I—as I stand here—dressed thus—looking thus—
 The same in all—save money in my purse—
 He would have scorn’d to let me come so near
 That I could breathe on him ! Yet that were little—
 For pride sometimes outdoes humility,
 And your great man will please to be familiar,
 To show how he can stoop. But hark you there !
 He has a jewel that you may not name !
 His wife’s above you ! You’re no company
 For his most noble *daughter* ! You are brave—
 ‘Tis nothing ! Comely—nothing ! Honorable—
 You are a phoenix of all human virtues—
 But, while your blood’s mean, there’s a frozen bar
 Betwixt you and a *lady*, that will melt—
 Not with religion—scarcely with the grave—
 But, like a mist, with *money* !

Enter a *SERVANT*.

Please you, sir !

A tradesman waits to see you !

Tortesa. Let him in ! [Exit *SERVANT*.]
 What need have I of forty generations
 To build my name up ? I have bought with money
 The fairest daughter of their haughtiest line !
 Bought her ! Falcone’s daughter for so much !
 No wooing in’t ! Ha ! ha ! I harp’d on that
 Till my lord winced ! “My bargain !” still “My bargain !”
 Naught of my *bride* ! Ha ! ha ! ‘Twas excellent !

* * * * *

Angelo. (To himself, as he draws.) How like a swan,
 Drooping his small head to a lily-cup,
 She curves that neck of pliant ivory !

I’ll paint her thus !

Isabella. (Aside.) Forgetful where he is,
 He thinks aloud. This is, perhaps, the rudeness
 My father fear’d might ruffle me.

Angelo. What color
 Can match the clear red of those glorious lips ?
 Say it were possible to trace the arches,
 Shaped like the drawn bow of the god of love—
 How tint them, after ?

Isabella. Still he thinks not of me,
 But murmurs to his picture. ‘Twere sweet praise,
 Were it a lover whispering it. I’ll listen,
 As I walk, still.

Angelo. They say, a cloudy veil
 Hangs ever at the crystal-gate of heaven,
 To bar the issue of its blinding glory.
 So droop those silken lashes to an eye
 Mortal could never paint !

Isabella. There’s flattery,
 Would draw down angels !

Angelo. Now, what alchymy
 Can mock the rose and lily of her cheek !
 I must look closer on’t ! (Advancing.) Fair lady, please you,
 I’ll venture to your side.

Isabella. Sir !

Angelo. (Examining her cheek.) There’s a mixture
 Of white and red here, that defeats my skill.
 If you’ll forgive me, I’ll observe an instant,
 How the bright blood and the transparent pearl
 Melt to each other !

Isabella. (Receding from him.) You’re too free, sir !

Angelo. (With surprise.) Madam !

Isabella. (Aside.) And yet, I think not so. He must look on it,
 To paint it well.

Angelo. Lady ! the daylight’s precious !
 Pray you, turn to me ! In my study, here,
 I’ve tried to fancy how that ivory shoulder
 Leads the white light off from your arching neck,
 But cannot, for the envious sleeve that hides it.
 Please you, displace it ! (Raises his hand to the sleeve.)

Isabella. Sir, you are too bold !

Angelo. Pardon me, lady ! Nature’s masterpiece
 Should be beyond your hiding, or my praise !
 Were you less marvellous, I were too bold ;
 But there’s a pure divinity in beauty,
 Which the true eye of art looks on with reverence
 Though, like the angels, it were all unclad !
 You have no right to hide it !

Isabella. How ! No right ?

Angelo. ‘Tis the religion of our art, fair madam !
 That, by oft looking on the type divine
 In which we first were moulded, men remember
 The heav’n they’re born to ! You’ve an errand here,
 To show how look the angels. But, as Vestals
 Cherish the sacred fire, yet let the priest
 Light his lamp at it for a thousand altars,
 So is your beauty unassailed, though I
 Ravish a copy for the shut-out world !

Isabella. (Aside.) Here is the wooing that should win a maid !
 Bold, yet respectful ! Free, yet full of honor !
 I never saw a youth with gentler eyes ;
 I never heard a voice that pleased me more ;
 Let me look on him !

(Enter *TORTESA*, unperceived.)

Angelo. In a form like yours,
 All parts are perfect, madam ! yet, unseen,
 Impossible to fancy. With your leave,
 I’ll see your hand unglor’d.

Isabella. (Removing her glove.) I have no heart
 To keep it from you, signor ! There it is !

[may be !

Angelo. (Taking it in his own.) Oh God ! how beautiful thy works
 Inimitably perfect ! Let me look
 Close on the tracery of these azure veins !
 With what a delicate and fragile thread
 They weave their subtle mesh beneath the skin,
 And meet, all blushing, in these rosy nails !
 How soft the texture of these tapering fingers !
 How exquisite the wrist ! How perfect all !

LALLA ROOKH ILLUSTRATED.

We have often wondered that the getters-up of Annuals did not seize on the standard works of the more popular English poets, and illustrate them with all the power of the *burin*, rather than fill their pages with the slip-slop productions of the most inferior *literateurs* of the day, gorgeously set off with delicious pictures. The celebrated Heath has just published Moore’s *Lalla Rookh* in a manner that fulfills our wish to the letter, and we subjoin the following description of the magnificent book.

The nineteenth edition of this beautiful poem is rendered “more exquisite still” by the surpassing loveliness of the twelve engravings which illustrate it, and which are in such admirable harmony and keeping with their subjects. The frontispiece, representing the fair heroine of the poem, *Lalla Rookh*, is all-perfect in the principal figure, and in the accessories, in the general whole, and in the minutest details. It is in the best and softest manner of the dotted style, and in gracefulness and delicacy of expression, is unrivaled. The engraved title page presents us with the Death of Hinda ; the attitude of Araby’s daughter as she plunges into the waves of Oman is finely drawn, and the vignette with its starry sky, the over-arching cliffs, and the flaming pyre of the Ghebirs, is a gem of great value. The crowning beauty of the book is Mr. C. Heath’s plate, after K. Meadows, of the Peri at the Gate of Paradise. The portal of Eden is bathed in light, and the Peri stands before it downcast and disconsolate ; the attitude is humble and contrite, and the eye seems half raised from the ground to catch a glimpse of the ineffable glories of the blessed spot to which her entrance is inhibited. This engraving is in the line style. The two next plates are by Corbould, and are executed with remarkable skill and finish ; the scenery is sweet, and the action of the poem strongly developed ; but the swimming, airy, and hovering attitude of the Peri in each is beyond all praise : she seems to float in the atmosphere, and it is no slight praise to say that she reminds us of some of Stothard’s ethereal figures ; the expression of the eye is remarkably dove-like and benignant, and the folded arms and reverential regard for human feelings are quite angelic.

We have not been able to detect a blemish in this splendid work of art and genius, which is the most tasteful that has yet come under our notice. It was brought out under Mr. C. Heath's superintendence, and is an additional and pleasing instance of his approved judgment and skill.

FIRST CAST THE BEAM OUT OF THINE OWN EYE.

We very frequently observe in English papers expressions of holy horror at the practice, prevailing in portions of the United States, of carrying fatal weapons—the use of them being always commented on as characteristic of American habits. It was but a few weeks since we noticed in our columns the very gentle mode practised at a public ball in England of settling a trifling difference about calling a dance—when a gentleman merely cut his friend's throat for presuming to prefer a country dance to a cotillion.

We add another instance to-day of an equally quiet and agreeable mode of adjusting a dispute, which, had it occurred in the United States, would doubtless have been quoted as illustrative of our advancement in civilization and courtesy of manners:—

MELANCHOLY CASE OF STABBING.

A very lengthy investigation took place before the magistrates of Uxbridge, relative to the death of Joseph Alsop, aged 18, a pupil in the academy of the Rev. Mr. Sturmer, Curate of Hayes, who had been stabbed by a fellow-pupil named Francis Hastings Medhurst, aged 21, now in custody. The principal facts, as far as they are yet known, may be gathered from the following evidence:—

The Rev. S. Sturmer examined.—The prisoner and the deceased, Joseph Alsop, were pupils of mine. On Saturday morning, about 10 o'clock, one of my pupils, by name Maximilian Dallason, had just quitted my house. The prisoner entered the room in which Joseph Alsop and Mr. Bunney, another pupil, were present. I was also present. The prisoner, with a stick in his hand, came to me and said, "See what a blackguard has just left your house," holding a watch in his hand, the glass of which was broken, adding, "see, he has broken the glass of my watch." Immediately, Joseph Alsop turned round and said to the prisoner, "You are a liar and a blackguard for saying so." These young men are all about 18, but the prisoner is 21 years of age. The prisoner immediately struck the deceased with a stick he had in his hand. He hit him over the shoulder. A scuffle then ensued between them, on which I left the room, and in about two minutes, or two minutes and a half, I was in the act of returning to see if I could put a stop to it, when I met the prisoner coming out of the room, and at the same moment I heard a groan. The prisoner said nothing. I then saw Mr. Bunney come out of the room, and run out of the house, saying "I'll be a witness." I saw no blow given but the one I have described, with a stick. I saw no knife in the prisoner's hand. I left the room because the prisoner was a gentleman of very hasty temper, and I knew it was no use interfering at that time. Mr. Chadwick, a surgeon, quickly arrived, but I did not stay in the room during the time he examined the wound. I saw blood on the deceased's clothes, but I did not see the wound until the next morning. About an hour after the transaction I saw the prisoner and the deceased together in the bed-room. The deceased said, "We were both wrong. I forgive you." On the same afternoon I sent an express for a friend of the deceased, who came immediately, and at his suggestion I sent for Mr. Patten, the surgeon, of Uxbridge, who came on Sunday morning. Mr. Chadwick, on the Saturday, said the wound was very slight. Deceased died about 12 o'clock on Thursday. Mr. Bunney is now at his father's house, at Newbury. He never returned to my house after he ran out. I have since written to Mr. Bunney's father, who has written to say his son ran home from fright.

Mr. Patten in his deposition said: within two or three hours after I had told deceased that I considered him in a dying state, in answer to a question put to the deceased by myself, he said, "I called him a blackguard and a liar, and he (meaning the prisoner) then struck me."

It appeared that Mr. Sturmer had given no notice of the transaction to the local authorities, and his conduct on this account was commented upon by the Bench. Mr. Sturmer said he had acted under legal advice.

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

On Tuesday evening we had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Sloman in the Lady of Lyons. She was most kindly received by a good house, and played this popular character with much feeling and taste. Mrs. S. belongs to the old school of histrions, and reminds us of Mrs. Duff, Mrs. Barnes, &c., in their palmy days. The part requires more spirit and vivacity than is in accordance with the Siddonian style and measured step, and in this respect Mrs. S. suffers in comparison with the gay and active Ellen Tree. Yet there was much to admire in the dignity of her manner, and her impressive readings; partly that they were good of themselves, and partly that they recalled forcibly to mind a thousand pleasant recollections of those favorites of the public, who some twenty years since divided among them the honor of being the sole and true representatives of tragic heroines. In the present dearth of female talent on our stage it is refreshing to witness a performance that carries us back to those glorious days when every new arrival of a "star" was hailed with earnest welcome as coming fresh from the school of the Kembles, and though but shadows of the bright originals, gave ample satisfaction and evinced the care and quality of their training. As a reviver of grateful associations, and as a capable and lady-

like actress, Mrs. S. will be greeted on our boards as a most valuable acquisition. There are many characters better fitted to her style and commanding figure than Pauline, and we anticipate a treat in seeing her go through those favorite parts in which she acquired her well-deserved celebrity. The modern drama has been so long inflicted on us, to the almost entire exclusion of standard plays at the Park, that we hope the arrival of Mrs. Sloman will create a change, and restore a healthful admixture of classic acting in classic productions.

With the restoration of "the legitimate" we shall expect to see the talent of the stock company emerge from the darkness that has so long buried it in the "depths profound." Placide, Richings, Hield, Fisher, and the Wheatleys, together with Mrs. Richardson, Miss Cushman, and the whole galaxy of bright eyes and pretty figures of the group of "accessories," seem to have been suffering an inglorious eclipse for the last three months. The time was when we went to the Theatre to laugh, to enjoy with a relish the personations of the inimitable Placide—an actor of more talent, more knowledge of his profession, and a closer observer of the phases of human character than any man in his line ever on our boards. Where has he been for an age? We think we can hear him gruffly answer, Where! with a countenance that would draw a laugh from a lamp post. So with all the rest: they have been rusting away their strength, and losing their popularity, till the town has almost forgotten that the old stock company of the Park possesses the *material* to give attractiveness to any thing they might attempt. Let the manager burnish up his armor, and in panoply complete give us something more sterling—something to excite the smouldering energies of his players, and to draw once more to his house those who know what a good thing is, and are prone to go where they can find it.

Mr. Sloman, the comedian and buffo singer, has made his bow to the Park audience, and was well received. In his way he has few equals. His humorous performances will give a zest to the more dignified personations of his lady, and diversify the attractions of the house. We are happy to record thus much of the reviving fortunes of old Drury, and shall apply ourselves to the task of rendering ample justice to all its forthcoming entertainments.

THE NATIONAL.

The new play of *Tortesa the Usurer* has kept possession of the stage at this house since our last notice, and, of course, we shall limit our remarks to the bare expression of our sense of Mr. Wallack's masterly acting, of the improvement visible in all the minor characters, and of the superb manner in which the whole has been got up.—Should the Great Western sail on Monday, this play will not be repeated before Mr. W.'s return from England, if, however, his departure should be stayed, *Tortesa* will be put up for Monday evening.

In consequence of our paper's going to press on Friday evening, we shall not have the opportunity to notice, this week, the Complimentary Benefit given to the manager of the National by his friends and admirers of this city. The Committee charged with the arrangements, have been making every exertion to render the entertainments worthy the occasion. It was wisely determined to assimilate the attractions of the evening to those which have characterised the house during the greater portion of the season. Opera was of course selected, and that all the popular singers might participate in the bestowal of the compliment on their respected and liberal manager, portions of two most favourite operas will be performed—Amilie and The Marriage of Figaro. Mr. Wallack will appear as Rattle, and Mr. Burton from Philadelphia as Sir Simon Slack, in Spring and Autumn. There is every prospect that the house will not only be well filled, but the audience will be composed of the refined and beautiful of our citizens.

LONDON THEATRICALS.

The Italian Opera House is in a bad way. The great *corps* has returned to the continent and left the field to a few *fortieth* rate singers. Madame Monnani, a lady of peculiar corpulence, with an incorrigible passion for singing out of tune—Mrs. Alban Croft (called in the bills Madame, to give her a foreign tinge) a passable concert singer, but not by any means at home on the stage—and Signor Tati, (*Italianicised*, we suppose, from Potato) a ludicrous bawler, without the smallest pretensions, form the strength of the Queen's Theatre. Those who have taken and paid for boxes for the season must feel somewhat green.

The Little Haymarket Theatre commenced its season on the 18th of last month. Mr. Maywood, the Philadelphia manager, who sailed hence in the Cambridge, was engaged to play there for a limited number of nights. Mrs. Nisbett has seceded from the company; her place is occupied by the accomplished Miss Taylor.

Sheridan Knowles and Miss Elphinstone are making a tour through Scotland.

A new farce was produced at the St. James Theatre, called *His First Champagne*, full of puns and jokes, as exhilarating as the delightful beverage from which it takes its name. The plot runs upon the circumstance of a first taste of the celebrated "Heidsick," which so bewilders a suscepti-

ble youth, that he makes love to every female he meets. (We have heard of such cases in New York.)

We dont know whether Mr. Van Amburgh be a married man or not, but our correspondent informs us that he had for the last three nights indulged in the society of a couple of interesting bed-fellows—the two Lionesses recently arrived. This process forms part of the training of the gentle denizens of the forest.

UTOPIAN AUCTION.

Our correspondent in Utopia, under date of 1st March, 1833, (the mail is not *regular* from those parts) gives us the result of a grand auction that took place the previous week, of the effects of a deceased angel. The auctioneer was a Mr. Georgius Redbreast, of *ether-eal* celebrity, vide-licet :

"Julius Cæsar's first copy-book of pothooks and hangers, name and date at foot of each page, in excellent preservation."—(Purchased for the Society of Antiquaries, nine hundred guineas.)

"A toad in a block of marble, supposed to be coeval with the world!"—(British Museum, eleven hundred and ten guineas.)

"Apple which William Tell struck off the head of his son, with mark of the arrow, preserved in spirits."—(Horticultural Society, two hundred guineas.)

"Stone thrown by Kidd Wake at George III., with mark of collision."—(Lord E., one hundred guineas.)

"Pin with which Napoleon le Grand picked his teeth during the battle of Waterloo, taken out of his sleeve by his valet at night."—(Duke of W., five hundred guineas.)

"Hoof of the deer which Shakspere stole, made into a snuff-box."—(T. N. T., Esq., M. P., fifty guineas.)

"Pilate's wash-hand basin, in Carrara marble."—(Sir M. M., one thousand guineas.)

"Stone dug up in Smithfield, said to be stained with the blood of Wat Tyler."—(R. S., Esq., P. L., one hundred guineas.)

"Sir W. Walworth's dagger."—(City Remembrancer, one hundred guineas.)

"Cleopatra's needle, with a fragment of thread in the eye thereof."—(Ninety pounds.)

"A pair of skates, (undoubted,) formerly in the possession of the prophet Mahomet, A. A. 40."—(Skating Club, Regent's Park, five hundred guineas.)

"A tear of Dido, in a phial, warranted."—(Duke of B., one hundred guineas.)

"An obolus, given in charity to Belisarius."—(Fifty pounds.)

"Copy of Spenser's Faerie Queen, with Queen Elizabeth's autograph on blank leaf, and MS. notes in the handwriting of his faerie majesty king Oberon, containing highly curious court anecdotes."—(Mr. C., one thousand guineas.)

"Garters of the gracious Duncan, murdered by Macbeth."—(Duke of B., one hundred guineas.)

"Walking-stick which Dr. Johnston lost in his tour in the Hebrides."—(J. W. C., Esq., seventy guineas.)

"Cane with which Dr. Johnston beat a bookseller."—(Idem, ninety guineas.)

"Inkstand used in signing Magna Charta."—(Sir F. B., twenty guineas.)

"Pen used by King John in the same—wants mending."—(Idem, thirty guineas.)

"Bridle and bit with which Alexander the Great tamed Bucephalus."—(A. Ducrow, Esq., one hundred guineas.)

"A cast shoe of ditto."—(Society of Antiquaries, two hundred pounds.)

"Searing irons, used in blinding Prince Arthur."—(Dr. Ware, fifty pounds.)

"Tail of the Trojan horse."—(Madame V., one hundred guineas.)

"Macbeth's knee buckles."—(C. Y. Esq., fifty pounds.)

"Cover of the witch's caldron, used in incantation."—(W. M., Esq., seventy guineas.)

"Lady Mecbeth's night-cap."—(Argrand, Esq., ninety guineas.)

"Night-bell and Surgery door-plate of Esculapius."—(College of Physicians, five hundred guineas.)

"Warming-pan of Tamerlane."—(His M. C. Majesty Louis-Philippe, fifty guineas.)

"Wig worn by Queen Elizabeth, and thrown at the head of Lord Essex."—(Her most G. M., five hundred pounds.)

"Apple, preserved in spirits, which, falling, led Sir Isaac Newton to discover the laws of gravity."—(John Liston, Esq., seventy guineas.)

"Welsh wig worn by Owen Glendower."—(Sir W. W. W., two thousand guineas.)

"Marc Antony's fishing-rod and lines."

"Figure-head of Cleopatra's gallery."

"Title-page of Caesar's Commentaries."—(Dr. D., two hundred pounds.)

"Mambrino's Helmet."—(Society of Antiquaries, three hundred guineas.)

"Sail of the windmill which Don Quixote attacked."—(Idem, one hundred guineas.)

"Tail of Dapple, (Sancho's Dapple !)"—(Idem, ninety pounds.)

"Bridle and bit of Rosinante."—(Idem, two hundred guineas.)

"Head of Cervantes."—(No bidders—bought in.)

"Moulted wing-feathers of Cupid."—(T. M., Esq., two hundred guineas !)

—And much marvelled I how a poet could make such a munificent bidding ; but the rogue knew what he was about ; for when he makes pens of them, what anatory verses will he not write, and what guineas a line will he not get ?

"Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco-pouch."—(Duke of S., one hundred guineas.)

"Cloak which Sir Walter gallantly threw upon a plashy spot of ground, that Queen Elizabeth might step dryly over it."—(Count D'O., two hundred and fifty guineas.)

"The tip of one of the two tails of the celebrated quarrelsome cats of Kilkenny, warranted."—(J. H., Esq., M. P., fifty guineas.)

"Three yards of the labyrinthine clue, warranted."

"An unique series of turnpike tickets, of the last century, collected and arranged by Mr. Richard Turpin, late of Hounslow Heath."—(Two hundred guineas. Bought for the Society of Antiquaries.)

"Dr. Johnson's wig-block."—(Phrenological Society, one hundred guineas.)*

"Swan-quill, self-plucked from the wing of Leda's celestial lover."—(S. R., Esq.)

This strange collection of antiquities being disposed of, and the brilliant bidders departed, Mr. Georgius took another long sip at his sherry and water, adjusted his spectacles, and resumed the sale of the modern pictures of old masters, and the disposal of things in general.

* Many of these imaginary lots may seem too ridiculous, even for the frolicsome-ness of fiction, but as ridiculous things have been offered at auctions, and bought too, "and that highly." In the Morning Herald of June 19th, 1838, is this paragraph:—"One of Newton's teeth was sold in 1813 to Lord S. for seven hundred pounds ! !"—a pretty round sum to give for a philosopher's tooth ; but if it was his wisdom tooth, as it is called, and it could confer some of his intelligence upon his lordship, it was cheap at the money.

ENGLISH POETS.

VOL. I. BY ROBERT BELL, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF RUSSIA."

This is a pleasant book about poetry and poets—a subject that can never be unwelcome. Its materials are amusing or interesting anecdote, good old literary gossip, and, now and then, capital criticism. Under the head of Drayton we have various notices of the ancient laureates, of Quarles, Sir John Beaumont, Kidley, Robert Hayman, Tom Coryate, Daniel, and others, writers or critics of his time. In the same way, but from the midst of a more brilliant constellation, Cowley's star shines forth, for Mr. Bell has summoned around his good-natured memory the quaint and pleasant shapes of Donne and Crashaw, of Suckling, Herrick, and Carew. Waller and Butler are separately treated, and the most important position in the volume is of right assumed by Milton, who here, as in all places else, dwells apart majestically—dignifying our author's vein of gossip into something like the eloquent strain of history.

Mr. Bell's estimate of the elder poets is generally correct and fair. Cowley is admirably discriminated, but we must take exception to a remark which occurs on the mention of the poet's funeral, where, it will be recollect, gorgeous magnificence was wasted on the dead, by way of compensating (after the English fashion) for gross neglect of the living.

Here Mr. Bell says—

"In a country like England, where wealth and hereditary titles occupy so large a space of vulgar homage and individual ambition, it is hopeless to expect that mere merit, unsustained by the one or the other, can ever climb to an equality with the upper ranks, or keep itself there, if any oblique accident should cast it so high. Nor is it desirable that such an association should be rendered easy or common. The lofty mission of genius can be effectually pursued only through a course of independence : the virtues of communities, the liberties of nations, the maintenance of justice, and the sacred defence of truth, depend upon the freedom, and perhaps too something on the sufferings, of those whose talents place them in advance of their age. It is enough for nobility, now and then, to acknowledge the power and supremacy of mind, even if it be over the 'new made grave' : much more is not likely to be obtained, except at a greater cost than martyrdom itself ; and less would impeach the equity of the providence that made men what they are."

This looks like the toleration of a most unworthy prejudice, which we would be far from attributing to our author. To argue from the assumption that things must remain as they are is not the wisest method of determining what would make them better. To suppose that because Genius can discharge its lofty functions in spite of worldly disadvantages, it would not work yet more effectively for us all with the world in its favor,—or to imagine that independence of spirit may not consist with indepence of purse,—seems neither generous nor just. It is too much by this style of reasoning, well-intentioned as it may be, that the world's neglect of its greatest benefactors is excused or kept in countenance. Why should it be hopeless for merit to achieve an equality with fortune ? Why should wealth or even hereditary titles be the exclusive prey of "vulgar homage or individual ambition ?" The answer simply is—so it has been, and so it must be. Because neglect, and suffering, and distress have not been sufficient to restrain the divine strength of Genius—it is hastily concluded that they are essential to its health and growth. We are of opinion, indeed, that in all circumstances and conditions of men the God that is within them will find a voice—but that poverty is as little likely to force its utterance, as wealth would be to drive it back. Burns was poor, yet he did not write poetry because he was so—Bacon was rich, yet he did not the less write wisdom and philosophy. We cannot be at a loss to determine which is the noblest and most pleasurable object of contemplation—Dante crouching in the dark suburbs of Florence, and holding forth his trembling hand for charity, or Petrarch in the Capitol surrounded by the Lords of Rome.

The best writing in the volume is, as it ought to be, in the notice of Milton. Nothing is added, however, to the sum of information we before possessed, nor, within the writer's narrow limits, could novelty have fairly been expected.

One or two extracts we may take at random.

A PORTRAIT OF MILTON, BY HIMSELF.

"I do not believe that I was ever once noted for deformity, by any one who ever saw me ; but the praise of beauty I am not anxious to obtain. My stature certainly is not tall ; but it rather approaches the middle than the diminutive, when so many men, illustrious both in peace and war, have been the same ! And how can that be called diminutive, which is great enough for every virtuous achievement ? Nor, though very thin, was I ever deficient in courage or in strength ; and I was wont constantly to ex-

The Corsair.

ercise myself in the use of the sword, as long as it comported with my habits and my years. Armed with this weapon, as I usually was, I should have thought myself a match for any one, though stronger than myself; and I felt perfectly secure against the assault of any open enemy. At this moment I have the same courage, the same strength, though not the same eyes; yet so little do they betray any external appearance of injury, that they are as unclouded and bright as the eyes of those who most distinctly see. In this instance alone I am a dissembler against my will. My face, which is said to indicate a total privation of blood, is of a complexion entirely opposite to the pale and cadaverous; so that, though I am more than forty years old, there is scarcely any one to whom I do not appear ten years younger than I am; and the smoothness of my skin is not, in the least, affected by the wrinkles of age.'

MILTON'S DAUGHTER DEBORAH.

Deborah, though in straightened circumstances, appears always to have been respectable. Queen Caroline sent her a purse of fifty guineas. She spoke of her father, according to Richardson, with great tenderness, and exclaimed on seeing his picture for the first time, thirty years after his death, 'Oh, my father, my dear father!' and described him to have been delightful company and the life of conversation, not only by a flow of subjects, but by unaffected cheerfulness and civility. Virtue, the engraver (whose portraits of Milton are next in value to the original by Faithorne), showed her a crayon-drawing of her father by Faithorne, when she exclaimed, 'O Lord! that is the picture of my father! how come you by it?' and stroking down the hair of her forehead, she said, 'Just so my father wore his hair.'

This Deborah was the widow of a poor Spitalfields weaver! her daughter (Mrs. Forster) kept a chandler's shop in Shoreditch, and was only saved from starvation by the timely subscription of a hundred and thirty pounds on the performance of *Comus*! These were the last descendants of Milton. Truly, our good countrymen had need to believe in the doctrine, that Genius's only proper or just inheritance is misery, poverty, and neglect!

THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON:

EDITED BY R. H. HORNE, ESQ. Richly illustrated with many hundred Engravings on Wood, after Designs by Raffet, Horace Vernet, &c.

This is the first time the English public have had a life of Napoleon free from manifest partialities, and yet written in no spirit of indifference. Mr. Horne brings to his task a liberal regard for opinions of all kinds, provided they are worth attending to,—a natural sympathy with the hero of the great story, so far as he possessed great qualities, and influenced his times,—but above all, that paramount respect for the interests and elevation of the whole human race, which cares no more for individual qualities in the comparison, than individuals like his hero are apt to care for humanity when their own supposed petty interests come to clash with its advancement. We have here therefore the benefit of the various biographies of Napoleon, English and foreign, without their drawbacks. The editor keeps the peace of the coming generations between the conflicting accounts of Tories, Radicals, and French glorification; and for the first time we sit apart from the hubbub of what we behold, and hear a calm story told by a competent relater.

Nor does the work, in other respects, want the interest thrown over modern publications by spirited booksellers, and the contributions of art. It is one of the phenomena of cheap illustration, being filled full of designs executed for a like contemporaneous work in Paris by the first artists among our neighbors. To these designs, of course, the nature of the subjects gives almost as deep an interest in any corner of England as of France, and it is, moreover, truly curious and pleasant to see in them both the advancement which the French have made in their book-prints in point of force and expression, since the days of round little mouths and unmeaning faces, and the singular and emphatic difference between the personal character of the impulsive French people and their sedate-looking Italian commander. We beg the reader to turn, for example to the print (page 14) of the famous first acquaintance of Napoleon with Junot, and observe the lively, gesticulative, forward, voluble featured address of the aspiring grenadier, contrasted with the apparent coldness, reticence, and deliberate yet instinctive superiority of the listening young colonel. This distinction is properly maintained throughout the designs, not, however, we must fairly add, without something of a theatrical intention. Napoleon is always made so very self-possessed, gentlemanly, and abstract, so "thin and genteel," and calmly aware of his advantages, that he looks as if he were standing for his portrait to posterity. In all other respects the designs are very clever indeed, and as spiritedly engraved. Among them is what would seem to be a portrait of his "first love," a Mademoiselle de Colombier, and looking not too handsome to be genuine. The love, it appears, on both sides, was divided with that of "cherries,"—to the deglution of which, and walking about some gardens, their mutual felicity was confined.

Napoleon does not appear to have been very amiable when young, though he was superior to the exercises of power and vulgar spites. Neither did his abilities, great as they were, and superior to the common-places about him, indicate more than that amount of intellectual energy which would stop short, as it did, of the universality and far-sightedness of a man greatly beyond his time. One of his teachers thought he would make a "good seaman." In short, the military genius was great in him—the mind and eye for great physical results, or a proportionate field of action; and fame and prosperity attended him accordingly, as long as mere force was wanted against less intelligent force. But he never legislated beyond what was suitable to his own individual views. Want of heart, and therefore, proportionate want of head, hindered him from having even a good opinion enough of mankind to wish to do them any lasting benefit incompatible with the ascendancy of himself and his *dynasty* (a miserable speculation for such man!) and while his military education, as well as instincts, give him all possible excuse, he ultimately failed, for want of that very belief which he thought a weakness, and was evidently, at all times, a mere retrospective, and not a prospective man—a worshipper of the Cæsars and Alexanders of old, whom he successfully emulated—not an Alexander or

Cæsar of a totally new cast, such as the coming ages required, and such as would have kept him, *now this minute*, at the top of the globe, ordaining with ease what we are all doing with difficulty.

All this, nevertheless, does not hinder him from having been a most interesting and extraordinary individual, nor Mr. Horne's publication from promising to be as entertaining as a romance, yet one of the soundest and most instructive of histories.

LA ROSE DE VALLEE.

TALE OF BRITANNY.

He was her own, her ocean treasure, cast,
Like a rich wreck, her first love and her last.
She looked on many a face with vacant eye;
On many a token without knowing what;
She saw them watch her without asking why;
And reck'd not who around her pillow sat;
Not speechless, though she spoke not: not a sigh
Relieved her thoughts, dull silence and quiet chat,
Tried in vain by those who served: she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

Byron.

How many are there who have returned to their fatherland from thee, fair France, without visiting, ay, without even thinking of thy retired valleys, thy sweet secluded glens, and thy rose-clad cottages, smiling under a cloudless sky in the harmonious softness of the evening sunshine! Oh, ye vain seekers after ephemeral happiness! would ye but rest in your rapid movements for a transient hour amid those scenes, and study their population, nature would teach ye a lesson of morality and of integrity, for they are the dearest resting-places of virtue and simplicity. There a holy innocence pervades all and every thing,—the strongest barrier against the withering blasts of a crowded city's vices.

In one of the beautiful retreats on the banks of the Loire dwelt Madame le Rue, her niece, Marianne Marigny, and a faithful old Breton, whose eyes had grown dim, and his hair grey, in the service of the family. Their history, though unfortunate, was not an uncommon one; they had lived in affluence, in splendor; there had been a doting father, an affectionate mother, and, alas! brothers to chase away a tear, to solace grief: but the tide of revolutionary anarchy and of blood had silenced all but this helpless remnant of an ancient house. The knife and the axe, the terrific guillotine, and the frightful noyades, were dealing destruction among the devoted aristocracy, and all who befriended them, when they effected a hazardous escape, in the humble garb of the peasantry, to this spot. Sixteen years had now passed over their heads, internal commotion had subsided, and, though all looked back with terror at the dynasty of Robespierre, they essayed to forget its horrors; the throne of renovated France had arisen, phoenix like, from its ashes, and was now filled by another Charlemagne, under whose universal conquest and iron sway, the monarchs of Europe trembled; glory and victory had become the password of the children of the empire.

Marianne Marigny was budding forth into beauteous maturity, like a fair blossom in its spring of life, unconscious of her own loveliness; the clustering curls, "dark as the raven's wing," which shaded her unruffled brow, and amorously kissed her neck and shoulders, softened the healthful bloom of her oval countenance, and added a lustrous brilliancy to the pleasing mildness of her clear blue eyes.

How angelic she appeared in her rustic attire, as she joined the peasantry in their blithesome dances at the rural Tivoli! how beautiful her figure! what symmetry and compactness of form! how light and elastic her step, as she gracefully twined through the wreaths of roses! she was a being of gladness and of purity; every eye followed her; every youth, with breathless attention, watched her movements, and loved her in his heart. Marianne, though she had been Queen at the fete of *Le Lis*, was still free as the perfumed breezes of the valley; omniscient nature had not, as yet, quickened in her bosom that valued gem of life, her first bud of love.

But there existed in her mind's eye a defined being of angel form, and of manly beauty; in her dreams she beheld him, guarding her from perils, and soothing afflictions which she had not experienced; she loved all—but still there existed an unconquerable longing for one whose essence should be a portion of herself, one to whom she could breathe every wish, and confide every inward sacred thought:

— a creature meant
To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd
To render happy;

one who should be hers alone, and whom none else dare love. If it was a selfish impulse, it was one that has existed in the soul of mortals from the first love of our first parents; the Divinity has hallowed it with every attribute of virtue.

She parcelled her affections among every one around her; her aunt she loved as a mother; old Gaspard Riallo had her regard; the village damsels her recognitions of kindess; even the turtle-doves, that cooed their mournful note of love in the vine that partly overshadowed her bed-room window, were pressed to her bosom; the passing traveller, if in want, ever found ready assistance, and a tear of commiseration in requital for a tale of woe.

The inhabitants of the valley were seldom disturbed by the common occurrences of the political world, unless it happened that some one crossed over the Loire to the city of Orleans. One day, however, the peasants, who were busily engaged at their merry rustic dance, were interrupted by the sudden and unexpected appearance of a troop of gens d'armes, not numerous, but sufficiently so to affright those who had only heard of that powerful and despotic police; they galloped furiously towards the village, covered with dust. A few questions on the part of the soldiers betrayed that they were in search of some person who had escaped their surveillance; they elicited no satisfactory information, and hurried forward, evidently disappointed at the result of their searching interrogatories. A disturbance so unusual agitated the assembly, and, in a short time, put an end to the fete.

Madame le Rue and Marianne proceeded to vespers, and offered their evening prayer at the shrine of Our Lady, and inwardly invoked her assistance in favoring the escape of the victim of government, whom they

doubted not, was some unfortunate Vendéen, or favorer of the Bourbons, at all events, an enemy to the then existing government, which it was the duty of every martyr in the cause of the exiled royal family most religiously to abhor.

The evening was shedding its departing and farewell beams on the surface of nature, and tinging the light clouds that floated on the horizon with varied hues of purple and of gold, when Marianne retired to her chamber. She sat at the open lattice, which commanded a lovely prospect of the neighboring country, in silent admiration of the glorious beauties that were fleeting away almost imperceptibly on the wing of eternity.

A slight movement among the myrtle-branches disturbed her reverie; she listened, and looked out carefully, but could discern nothing in the dim obscurity of the surrounding shrubbery; her bosom fluttered for a moment, but, attributing the commotion to some animal or bird of prey, she proceeded to fasten the window; in drawing the casement to, however, she was again startled by a low and indistinct cry for help. In that deep hour of silence and of solitude, she dared not answer; on reflection, her feeling heart, and the charitable precepts that had been instilled into her mind, divested her of all fear of personal danger, and she immediately roused from their repose her aunt and old Gaspard Riallo.

The latter would have persuaded madame and her niece to retire, and not venture to expose their helplessness, by giving the applicant admittance; and proceeded very eloquently to descant on the probability that it might be a *ruse*, to plunder the defenceless cottage, and murder the inmates; but Marianne requested him to question the applicant; this he would not agree to, until he had, in his opinion, led the visiter to suppose, by the rattling of the scabbard of an old rusty broadsword, and by snapping a pair of pistols which had not been primed since the revolution, that they were not unarmed.

"Help, for the Virgin's sake!" was indistinctly articulated; "I am perishing from hunger; a crust of bread, for the sake of the holy saints!"

"Who are you?" demanded Gaspard, "that disturbs the peaceful at this unseasonable hour; if your intentions are evil, you will meet with the reception that is due to the breaker of the laws; depart, we have not the means of affording you assistance."

"For mercy's sake, if you have the hope of happiness hereafter, leave me not to die at your threshold! I want but a morsel of food, to satisfy the cravings of nature;" and, as if spent by exertion of utterance, he fell heavily against the door.

"May our good Lady Mother protect us! and the blessed saints support us!" exclaimed Marianne; "open the door, and render the miserable being relief: he is perishing, he is perishing, he is not deceiving us."

"His accent is Breton," observed madame, "and if of that country we need fear nothing."

The door was opened, and they beheld the tottering figure of a young man, evidently worn down with fatigue and want; his dress was that of an individual who had seen more prosperous days; he was led into the house and supplied with food, which he ravenously devoured; and, as if anxious to relieve them from his presence, he thanked them for their charitable act, and implored, with a look of sincerity, the reward of righteous heaven upon the family. "A poor hunted outcast," said he, addressing himself to Marianne, "has nothing else to offer you for his life; farewell, farewell!"

"Stay, stay," ejaculated Madame le Rue, "and rest yourself; who and what are you?"

"Question me not, madame, but allow me to depart, and yet" (with tears in his eyes) "I need not be under apprehension of betrayal from countenances bespeaking so much benevolence. I am a Breton, hunted by barbarians who are seeking my blood; the victim of laws equally inhuman; in fact, I was what some men detest—a Chouan!—a leader of the brigands!" that admission, that title, which I pride myself in, comprises my history from my fourteenth year, when I first drew my sword in the holy cause of La Vendée, and puts you, if you are the enemy of that brave army, in possession of my life, which has already become a burthen that I am weary of."

"Fear not, Monsieur," said Marianne, with more warmth and energy than discretion, "you are in the presence of friends and fellow-sufferers; rest here to-night, Gaspard Riallo will find you a couch, and the morrow will afford you easier means of eluding your hard-hearted pursuers."

He took her hand, and kissed it. "Take this cross as an acknowledgement of the obligation that I am under; it was presented to me by our good kind Louis, it cannot be deposited in better trust, and may kind Providence reward you! and may the blessings of heaven be showered upon you all!" Marianne for a moment hesitated to accept the enamelled cross of St. Louis, but she felt that, in refusing it, she might hurt the feelings of the Chouan, and her loyalty dictated that she ought not to refuse an emblem of the cause, and one that had passed through the hands of her legitimate king so recently.

On the following morning she was up with the lark, notwithstanding the inroad upon her night's repose; she took an interest in the stranger, and was deeply anxious that he should escape the pursuit of the armed band whom, she doubted not, were the fierce men she had seen the preceding day. She lost no time in preparing refreshment, and collected a small stock of provisions to relieve him from similar difficulties; Gaspard, however, soon made his appearance, and, to her inexpressible anguish, intimated that he feared the stranger would be unable to quit the house, as he seemed to suffer severely. Madame le Rue was instantly made acquainted with the unwelcome intelligence; she exclaimed with religious fervor, "Then God's will be done!" Having followed the Vendéen armies in company with Madame Lescure, afterwards the wife of the chivalrous Marquis de Rochejaquelein, and, from that circumstance, possessing considerable knowledge of medicine, she hesitated not to attend his bed-side: she found him laboring under considerable pain, and betraying strong symptoms of an approaching fever, which in a few hours became manifest, attended with delirium. Weeks passed on, the stranger was still under the roof of the excellent family; no inquiries had been made after him, and no one but themselves had the slightest idea that an enemy of the state dwelt in the valley. He recovered slowly, and at last was enabled to leave his bed, and reiterate his thanks to those around him.

The Chouan was the only son of one of the Breton noblesse who so courageously and so perseveringly espoused the cause of the Bourbons during the war of La Vendée, in conjunction with the brave La Rochejaquelein, Catheleneau, and other chiefs. On the death of his father, Julien de Royraud again took up arms, and landed in La Vendée, to re-organize, with Georges Cadoudal and other Chouans, an insurrection in favor of the exiles; the unfortunate result of which is now too familiar to dwell upon. Though no direct proofs were produced to implicate Julien de Royraud in the affair of the internal machine, his suspicious connection with the *émigrés*, and his appearance in the Bocage, or disturbed districts, at this period, was sufficient to draw upon him the lynx-eyed police: he was accordingly arrested, and imprisoned at Nantes, from whence he had just effected his escape, after a tedious and solitary confinement in an unwholesome dungeon.

Fortunately, a few days after his disappearance the corpse of an individual was found floating on the Loire in a state of decomposition: the police, no doubt harrassed by their unsuccessful search, concluded that it could be none other than the body of the Chouan, or brigand, and a return was accordingly made to that effect.

Through the medium of the peasants, who all but worshipped their charitable mistress, as they invariably called Madame le Rue, a passport was procured for him; from that time Julien appeared openly as the cousin of Marianne, and joined the villagers in all their rural festivals. "Why, Monsieur Julien," said Marianne, one morning as they were sitting under the outspreading branches of a magnificent Spanish chesnut, "you have lost your appetite; look here, what a lovely branch of Burgundy grapes! let me tempt you; they were presented to me by your amusing friend, Philippe Pompierre. Why don't you answer?" His thoughts were travelling over the ocean, and he heard her not. "Shall I give you another cup of coffee, Monsieur?" demanded Marianne; he was still silent. She felt, at the moment, indignant at his rude indifference, and a deeper shade of crimson tinged her cheek, while her eye sparkled with anger, but, in an instant, she reproved herself: "Poor Julien," thought she, "how lonely he must feel with us! and how anxiously must his wishes be to return to the spot which contains his beloved sister, of whom he speaks with such fervid affection, and perhaps, too, some one else equally dear!" She removed her guitar from one of the branches, ran her fingers over the strings, but the notes seemed harsh and unmusical; she ceased, and sighed; momentarily, and apparently unconsciously, she produced a wild melody, which rose and died away with harmonious sweetness, like the notes of the *Æolian* harp. He at length became aware of his want of attention: Marianne sat before him, her small and elegant fingers trembling among the strings of the guitar, her hair hung, like a curtain, before her face; but the sparkling drops which fell upon her hand denoted that her thoughts were sadly occupied, and that she was not at all times the same laughing, joyous spirit.

"Sweet Mademoiselle Marigny," whispered Julien, "that we had but a Raphael, a Carlo Dolce, or a Canova, to take advantage of your posture! what a divine St. Cecile! and that melancholy ditty, too! give me the guitar,—how the dew has moistened the strings! by St. Louis it is quite out of tune! We have not had our loyal morning-hymn yet; will you join me in 'Vive l'Henri Quatre,' fair Marianne? Morbleu! and what can be the matter? Be merry, my gentle Marianne; those bright eyes lose half their lustre,—tell me what disturbs you?"—Nothing, was the answer. "I have been reflecting," continued Julien, hardly noticing the sigh that escaped her; "when you commenced that simple melody, I fancied myself in England with my sister, the only being under heaven who would cling to me in my misery." Marianne again sighed. "Poor dear Theresé! though a wide ocean separates us, I feel that our thoughts are mutual, and that the spiritual essence of our existence commingle in unity together! You would love her, Marianne?"—And would she return it, Monsieur Julien?" "Ay, that she would, with heart and soul; and who would not?"—Now, Monsieur, I told you before that I would have no flattery. No, no! No! I will not listen; this is the fault of travelling, which ought to be amended." "You are a little trifler, Marianne, you shall hear me. Do you know that I must quit this spot in a week, to join that sister, or run the risk of the conscription?"—Quit us so suddenly, Monsieur de Royraud!" "Yes; I have been down to the village, and Monsieur le Maire has already received the ordonnances: the drawing is to take place in eight days. When I depart, Mademoiselle, I know that I shall leave behind me those to whom I am bound by the sincerest ties of friendship and attachment, those to whom I shall ever owe a debt of gratitude: in short, Marianne, to you I am indebted for my life; let us walk abroad." In silence she allowed him to draw her hand within his arm: "But it would," he continued, "be a consolation, a balm to my peace of mind, to be assured that I depart with the good opinion of yourself, and of your dear, kind-hearted aunt." "You may be assured of that, Monsieur," answered Marianne, almost inarticulately; "but why undergo the dangers of an escape? Your papers are hardly safe; I would fain believe that your name will not be drawn; you ought to recollect that the chances are greatly in your favor." "That may be, Marianne; if I should happen to be drawn, then I am irretrievably lost; the cause of our good king, Louis, whom may God preserve for us all! alone claims the aid of my feeble arm. You, too, Marianne, have invested me with renewed determination; you shall yet be reinstated in your family honors, and the possession of your noble ancestors."—Ah, Monsieur de Royraud, I do not sigh for them, my happiness is centred in this quiet retreat, and I am not so sanguine of the success of the cause, as to expect that you will ever realize the downfall of Napoleon: do not the kingdoms of Europe, at the present moment, crouch beneath his sword, and tremble under his power? does not the world seem hardly wide enough for his dominions!—overthrow Napoleon! you are surely joking; besides, I doubt much whether the Bourbon family would be able to retain possession of it, should the power of England establish them on the throne of France. You are not serious, Monsieur Julien." "The cause of usurpation and of blood, Marianne, never yet prospered; we shall see the day when the unsullied flag of St. Louis will float over the domes of Paris; the shades of purple and of blood which disfigure the present banner of the empire, that unholly emblem of the ruthless republicans, shall be cleansed. Yes, yes! our cause will ultimately

prosper, and France shall again smile under the bright beams of freedom and of peace. But yet, Marianne, I may never see you more; that thought alone oppresses my spirits, and weighs me down; it alone makes me loath to quit you, and turn my back on present happiness; if I dared hope that this hand, which has not yet returned to me the warm pressure of affection and of love, might be my rich reward, Julien de Royraud would prove himself worthy of it,—promise, beloved Marianne, that you will be mine?"—"You must not leave us, dear Julien," was the reply of the confiding girl, as she buried her face in his bosom, and allowed him to kiss away the glistening tears that stood, like drops of brilliant dew, on her eyelashes; "you must not leave us!" She hurriedly drew back her face, which was covered with blushes of virtuous innocence, and escaped to her own chamber, to avoid the gaze of those around her, and to commune with herself in silence.

Julien felt happy in having secured the affections of the beauteous Marianne, and miserable that he should be compelled to quit her; he found, however, that his absence was imperative, and she, at last, consented to a separation, and pledged herself his affianced bride when circumstances admitted of their union. On the eve of the day when the conscripts were drawn, he was on his way to the frontier of Spain, through which country he hoped to effect his escape to England. After some days' severe toil, and the avoiding of many dangers almost miraculously, he crossed the Pyrenees, and entered Spain; in another day he would have gained the British lines, had not a French foraging party overtaken him: he was forthwith carried to head-quarters, and after examination, forwarded to Paris under an escort, to be dealt with by the civil authorities as a Chouan. On arrival at the metropolis, he underwent further examinations before Fouché, and was committed to the Conciergerie, that last stage between life and death, in the career of all convicted traitors. The iron door of his narrow cell grated harshly on its hinges, and left him to his own despairing meditations: he threw himself on the heap of damp straw that was cast by the turnkey into the corner of it, and tried to gain repose, his thoughts travelled to those most dear to him, and who were happily ignorant of his misfortune: an intermitting slumber for a few minutes gained possession of his body, but his mind was disturbed with dreams; at one moment Marianne was at his side, with her arms thrown around his sister's neck, about to lead him forth to liberty and lasting happiness; at another, one of the secret executioners of Napoleon, with his strangling cords, moist with the life's blood of Pichereau and Wright; or a lofty scaffold, with the hideous guillotine, and a dark, but living mass of human beings, about to glut their curiosity with the sight of the execution of a Chouan chieftain: he was relieved from these dark thoughts by the gruff voice of the guard. "Hollo, brigand," said he, "one would imagine that you would have spent the brief period of your existence more worthily; the road to heaven is an awkward path, up I say!"—"Then my dreams are indeed about to be realized," observed Julien; "may God pardon my sins! has my doom then been fixed?"—"Ask me no questions, but follow." Julien followed him in silence: at the gate of the prison stood a caleche, and a troop of gens d'armes; the sun he had not seen for days; it now shed its lingering rays upon the golden dome of the Hopital des Invalides: his heart sunk within him, when he reflected that the expiring day was the last of his earthly career: he entered the carriage, the windows were immediately darkened by his attendant, they drove rapidly through the narrow streets, crossed, as he imagined, one of the bridges, and then entered an archway into a courtyard. When daylight was again admitted, he beheld the place filled with soldiers. "This, then," thought he, "is to be the scene, the grand finale of my life." In a few minutes an officer whispered to the guard; they dismounted and entered the house: after remaining for a short time in the antechamber, a door was thrown open, and he was desired to enter alone: an individual rather below the middle size, plainly, but peculiarly dressed, was pacing the cabinet rapidly, and occasionally halting at a table, to peruse some documents in a portfolio; he took no notice for some time of Julien's presence. He at last stopped suddenly, and perused him from head to foot, and scrutinized his countenance as if to read the very thoughts that were passing in his bosom. Julien felt his heart tremble under the intelligent fierceness of the eye, and the commanding attitude of the man before him: he thought that he had seen the face before, but his recollection afforded him no assistance.

"Your name?" "Julien de Royraud," was the reply. "A Chouan, a Vendéen, a leader of the brigands, eh! the son of Count Louis de Royraud?" "The same." "Why disturb the peace of the empire with petty broils? is not England large enough for your intrigues? Let me tell you, sir, that the futile enterprises of the *émigrés* only excite the ridicule of Europe." "If such be the case, why have I been hunted down, and incarcerated, like a felon?" "Silence!" was the emphatic answer. "You are no longer a prisoner; your father was my friend, while at Brienne; had he sought my favor, he might have reaped honors; and if you will enter into our service, Count Julien, you shall have a command worthy of the De Royrauds; if you decline, there's a passport, and you quit France in a week." You hesitate, sir: Napoleon never sues; depart." "The Emperor!" was Julien's exclamation, as he dropped on his knee involuntarily. "Ay, Count de Royraud, Napoleon! If you will serve us, draw upon our treasury for your present wants, and join us at Fontainebleau in a month." Julien was in astonishment; his head became giddy with this unexpected change of fortune: could he accept the liberal proffer of the emperor? The cause of Louis stood before him, the spirit of his gallant father seemed to rush by him? Marianne, what would she say? he resolved in less time than that which has been occupied in describing his feelings; he pressed the emperor's hands to his lips, made his bow to the great warrior as he withdrew, entered the caleche that had conveyed him to the Tuilleries, and in a few minutes was dropped at the Porte Cochère of the Hotel de Ma-ringo, overjoyed with his good fortune.

He lost no time in making Marianne acquainted with the events that had transpired since their separation: in three days he was at her side, and shortly afterwards became, what she had long in silence sighed for, her husband.

The Count and Comtesse de Royraud were received most graciously by Napoleon and Maria Louisa: he joined the army of Russia as chef de

bataillon, and aid-de-camp to the emperor. The comtesse had become attached to the court of the young empress, accompanied her to Dresden, and remained in her honorable post, to which she was the brightest ornament, until her medical attendants advised a retirement to a quieter scene, and she joined her aunt once more at their beautiful little cottage in the valley of l'Esperance.

Whispers were already afloat that the campaign had been most disastrous to the army: gloom hung on the public brow, questions were asked which no one dared answer; poor Marianne was in agony. She had received no communication from her husband for some time; the minister of war could not, or would not, afford her information: at last one of the papers that were at that time surreptitiously distributed through France, by the enemies of the emperor, fell in her way, and there she found the name of her husband among the slain, under the walls of Smolensko. The shock induced premature labor, and she awoke from her lengthened stupor to a state of idiocy and numbness of intellect. Not a word escaped her lips; she recognised no one: the scenes of her early childhood had become a blank, and not the slightest prospect was held out that she would ever regain her faculties.

Her aunt was accustomed, with the assistance of old Gaspard, to lead her through the haunts of her infancy; the little arbor where she had so frequently sat with her beloved and lost Julien, she seemed at times to recognize, and there the peasants were in the habit of presenting her with their little presents of fruit, the simple records of affectionate regard, but she heeded them not.

"How quietly she reposes now, marquis!" observed madame, one evening, to a nobleman who sat by Marianne's chair, and who intently watched her countenance. "Poor innocent," was the reply, "the undisturbed, and unruffled sleep of infancy! see her lips move; she appears as if in communion with herself: her guitar is still in its usual place!"—"We remove nothing," replied madame, "and keep the instrument tuned, in the vain hope that it may awaken her to remembrance of the past: it used to be her favorite resource before her illness, but it is now forgotten." The nobleman took up the guitar, and played an air in a low key: her lips seemed to move, and a smile gradually brightened up her countenance, denoting inward joy. "Julien! dear Julien!" audibly escaped her lips. "For heaven's sake, monseigneur! you disturb her; they are the first words she has uttered since she fell into this melancholy state." He ceased, and her face again subsided into death-like inanimation. "It may, madame," whispered the marquis, "produce a beneficial change: I have heard that the spell has frequently been broken by a charm equally simple." He again played the same air, and accompanied the instrument with his voice, which was full of feeling and beauty, and rich in all the modulations of melody. "Go on, Julien! I listen, dearest!" her countenance brightened up with the most angelic expression. "Julien! beloved Julien! oh, how happy I am! it is, it is his voice!" at that moment she awoke; her arms, attenuated to transparency, were instantly extended, and with a wild hysterical agonizing laugh, exclaimed, as she folded the marquis in her arms, and buried her face in his bosom, "We will never part again." He pressed the invalid to his heart in silence; she looked up, as if doubting the reality of the scene; her eyes were moistened with the grateful tears of sensibility. "My own, my beloved Marianne," said he, as he kissed her forehead, "your own Julien is again at your side; do you know me, dearest?"—"Yes, yes!" was the answer, as she swooned away. Remedies were immediately applied; she awoke in full possession of her faculties, and from thenceforward gradually recovered her strength and health.

Julien de Royraud had been severely wounded in the disastrous retreat from Moscow; but, through the care of a Russian peasant, whom he had previously protected, his life was saved. Napoleon had been so well satisfied with his conduct throughout the campaign, and particularly at the battle of the Borodino, that he conferred upon him the title of Marquis de Pont Divet, which had been forfeited centuries before by one of his family. On his return to France, the Bourbons had ascended the throne; but his happiness was seared by the melancholy situation of his wife: Providence, however, decreed that she should again be the partner of all his joys and afflictions—the latter were but few; they retired to their extensive estates in Bas Breton, which were regranted to them on the return of the king, where they still reside in the bosom of their family, and in the primitive simplicity of their ancestors. A holiday is still a scene, on their domain, of mutual hospitality; the peasants and their families dance in the courtyard of the chateau, and the marquis and his family never fail to join in the amusement.

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